RY 1, 1941

Liberty

5¢

MADAME POMPADOUR OF RUMANIA

The Story of Magda Lupescu and King Carol

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid, but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, may not know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that should receive professional advice. But usually—and fortunately, say some authorities, halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in general use for years as a germicide, is so effective an aid against offensive breath.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweeter, fresher and cleaner. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really getting at sources of the old one. The Listerine Antiseptic odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine Antiseptic helps to put you on the safe and polite side.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FEBRUARY 1, 1941

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PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

STRIKES – KNIFING LABOR IN THE BACK

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE strength of unionism depends on public approval and support.

President Green of the American Federation of Labor has clearly stated his position. He recently appeared on the screen in newsreels throughout the country publicly acknowledging the need for a sacrificial spirit, and stating that the workers in his organization intended to do everything possible to hasten the preparation for the horrors of war.

President Murray of the Congress of Industrial Organizations expressed similar views on the screen. Our two great labor chiefs realize the outstanding importance of the harrowing emergency.

Our sympathies are naturally with the workers. They face situations that are sometimes difficult to endure. In years gone by they have been often referred to as downtrodden. Low wages, long hours, harsh rules, unsympathetic bosses—these were indeed unpleasant conditions. But they have mostly disappeared.

In the past capital has been arrogant. The captains of industry were sometimes brutally frank about their power over government. Politicians were their servants; they obeyed their orders. But such conditions are no more.

Labor has had what might be termed the "upper hand" in the last few years. They have had privileges never before granted to them. Capital has had to take a back seat. It has had to endure harsh treatment to such an extent that the attitude of business and industry toward labor has been materially changed.

And in dealing with strikes, if these were ordinary times we might say let the situation right itself, let the "cream rise to the top."

But we are dealing with serious emergencies right now. Some of our citizens maintain that we are already at war, that the help we are extending to England practically abolishes our pretense of neutrality.

And wartime requires rigid rules. Sacrifices from everybody are necessary, capital and labor, employers and employees; there should be no exceptions. Strikes which might ordinarily be in order are grievously offensive to the public at this time. To be quarreling about a few cents in wages, or some difference of opinion in business management, brands those who are at fault with the stigma of slacker or worse.

It is difficult to believe that the majority of workmen in any strike during this emergency can be heartily in sympathy with such measures. They must be unduly influenced by unwise leaders. The striking workmen have their own homes. They have children and wives.

What is the object of all this preparation for war ? To protect our country from invasion, to protect the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the citizens of every grade and character. And strikes in industries which manufacture war supplies indicate an outrageous lack of appreciation for these efforts.

It is quite certain that the striking workmen are not desirous of experiencing the horrors that London and various other European cities are enduring at this time.

But we must be prepared. Anything and everything which stands in the way should be blotted out without fear or favor. Wartime demands rigid rules. The complacency ordinarily associated with Americanism should be left far behind. Even government compulsion must be used, if necessary, on employers and employees, if needed.

The supposed purpose of the Wagner Act was to settle labor disputes, and if it cannot be effective at this time its value can certainly be questioned.

Preparation and more preparation, mechanical, national, industrial and individual, should be the rule of the day. And interfering strikes should not be tolerated. As the emergency grows more serious we might have to refer to efforts of this kind as traitorous conduct, and traitors in wartime are dealt with harshly. They do not belong.

Labor must have public approval. Otherwise their picket line or any effort made to win official or other support is futile. Strikes which are condemned by the public as unfair are a knife in the back of labor's cause.

Bernarr Macfadden

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The March of American Democracy

NEW YORK, N. Y.—John J. Fleck's statement (December 21 Vox Pop) is quite correct. The Philadelphia Convention of 1787 did create a republican form of government. But while Mr. Fleck confines himself entirely to remarks made by Alexander Hamilton and other Federalists, he forgets men like Randolph, Mason, Gerry, etc.

Our constitutional history neither begins with the Philadelphia Convention nor does it end there. Bill of Rights existed in Virginia and Pennsylvania as far back as 1776.

The failure of the Philadelphia Convention to provide for such a Bill of Rights was largely responsible for the opposition which the ratification of the Constitution encountered in many states.

It is no mere coincidence that the first Congress of the United States on September 25, 1789, passed a Bill of Rights. (Amendments 1-10.) Closer examination of or comparison of subsequent amendments should prove to Mr. Fleck that we have come a long way since the fathers laid the foundation to our political system. It has been a steady march toward more and more democracy. The amendments following the Bill of Rights have brought about the reform of the electoral college, the abolishment of slavery, civil and political rights for Negroes, the popular election of United States senators, woman suffrage, the ending of the lame-duck Congress.

Of course this is not the complete story of our democracy. But were we to trace the march of democracy alone by our constitutional history we really didn't do so bad in 150 years. While it seems a long time, we are on our way toward a greater, more perfect democracy, a finer, better world. Here alone the march of democracy has not been halted. That is why this democracy, this America, is the last great hope of a despairing world.—*Walter Elliers.*

SAVE TIN

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—As an item of national defense, an idea occurred to me that I am passing on to you for what it is worth.

It is said that there is a shortage in our national supply of tin. Might it not therefore serve to good purpose if every householder in the United States of America were to segregate his empty tin cans from other waste, so that they could be collected separately and turned over to the munitions factories? Smokers, too, should save tin foil.

In foreign countries such small patriotic service would be an obligation.—*A Reader.*

HOW M. D.'S AND R. N.'S SUFFER!

AUSTIN, TEX.—Oh, how I would like to close both eyes and bloody the nose

with a well aimed "sock" of all people who call an M. D. "doc." The "doc" business is bad, but what could be worse than calling an R. N. a trained nurse?

"Nothing," I answer with accents terse, "unless it is my rotten verse."—*Lucille Grosskopf, R. N.*

CHIROPRACTIC APPRECIATION

ATLANTA, GA.—The chiropractors of Georgia wish to express their most sincere appreciation of Mr. Macfadden's editorial in November 30 Liberty.

In fact, we consider it so good that I am instructed to ask if it is possible to secure some 500 copies of this editorial, and if so, at what cost.

Also to ask permission to reprint the editorial, giving full credit to both Mr. Macfadden and Liberty, of course, either in our professional state organ, the G. C. A. News, or in leaflet form for general distribution, or both, and in unlimited numbers.—*A. J. Unthank, Secretary-Treasurer of Georgia Chiropractic Association.*

LONGEST STREET IN ENGLAND

CHICAGO, ILL.—Broadway from Manhattan to Albany, New York, is *not* the longest street in the world. (No. 18 of December 7 Twenty Questions.) It may be the longest *paved street*, but Watling Street, from London to Liverpool, England, is the longest street. It was built by the Romans and is still today as heavily trafficked as most any American thoroughfare.—*H. B. Hood.*

"ALWAYS DO SOMETHING!"

STOCKTON, CALIF. — After reading Professor Pitkin's third article in his Steps to Personal Success, what a horrible vision confronted me! It was a vision of a roomful of people following his strenuous advice: all of them chattering like magpies and hopping about like a bunch of mechanical monkeys; all of them feverishly recounting "fresh anecdotes" and "joshing people amiably"; all of them in a hysterical dither, in an effort to "keep themselves going, keep everybody going!"

"Always do something, no matter what!" Whew! If that isn't a motto calculated to make nervous wrecks of us all and drive us into early graves, I don't know what is.—*Villa Wendell.*

WHO WILL ANSWER?

JUNEAU, ALASKA—I am calling on any brain truster wearing a federal nose bag to make an attempt to answer Merle Thorpe's Do We Know Where We're Going? (December 7 Liberty.)—*W. A. Sherman.*

NO FEE, NO WORK

JACKSONVILLE, FLA. — Labor unions have gone too far in the United States. According to our Constitution, a man or woman has the right to sell his or her labor to make money for a living.

A few weeks back I tried to get a job tallying cargo to and from ships. I was told that to work I would have to pay an initiation fee to a labor union of twenty-five dollars.

Last week I went to Camp Blanding to try to get work. I was informed I would have to pay an initiation fee of fifty dollars first.

This racketeering cannot continue in a free democratic nation, and there must be a change before it is too late. —*R. W. McLeod, Sr.*

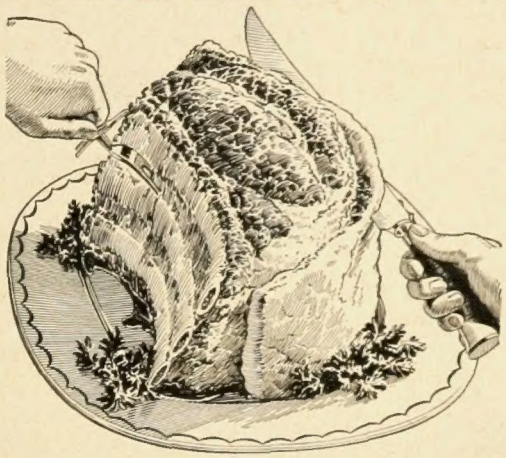
AUTHOR INSPIRES SCULPTOR

YONKERS, N. Y. —After reading Mr. Edholm's story, The Old Martinet's Daughter (December 14 Liberty), it seemed to me that it showed an image of England's fighting spirit.

I should like to model a small figure of this character and title it Old Martinet's Daughter. Would this be agreeable to Mr. Edholm?—*R. L. Huntington.*

[Mr. Edholm would be glad indeed to have Mr. Huntington sculpt that figure. And Vox Pop would like to have a picture of it when done.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

A Report on the B Vitamins in MEAT



New vitamin chart accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association shows meat one of the rich sources of B vitamins.

This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

ONE of the most thrilling discoveries of science in years is the importance of the B vitamins. These vitamins are needed

—for good appetite
—to protect against certain diseases arising from their deficiency
—for the normal, healthy growth of children
—because normal health cannot be maintained without them.

Borderline cases of diseases caused by a deficiency of these vitamins exist among people in all stations of life, though they may believe their diets to be adequate and ample.

Now comes the important discovery that meat, which mankind has always liked and thrived on, is a good, natural source of these B vitamins:

***Thiamine* (vitamin B_1)**
***Riboflavin* (vitamin B_2)**
The Anti-Pellagra Vitamin

As the new chart shows, these vitamins are found in varying quantities in all meats—beef, lamb, veal and pork, as well as liver, heart, kidneys and other meat specialties. Smoked ham, bacon and sausage also contain them.

The B vitamins are necessary for growth, health and normal nutrition. Many people are getting barely enough of them. The human body has little capacity for storing them, and for normal health an adequate supply is necessary. Your physician will tell you more about them and their benefits to you.

The B Vitamins in *MEAT*

	VITAMIN B GROUP		
	B_1 (THIAMINE) MICROGRAMS (1)	B_2 (RIBOFLAVIN) MICROGRAMS (2)	ANTI-PELLAGRA FACTOR MILLIGRAMS
PORK	1602	344	11.0
BEEF	227	294	8.4
LAMB	337	397	
VEAL	310	414	16.2
LIVER	389	3343	35.5
FANCY MEATS — Kidneys	515	2603	19.8
FANCY MEATS — Heart	659	1980	7.8
FANCY MEATS — Sweetbreads	373	907	3.7
FANCY MEATS — Brains	280	439	9.0

Based on 4-oz. servings uncooked meat (edible portion): (1) Thiamine: 1 microgram = 1/3 International Unit — (2) Riboflavin: 1 microgram = 1/3 Sherman-Bourquin Unit.

Your meat man is displaying a full-color enlargement of this chart. He will suggest many delicious and thrifty cuts of meat containing these vitamins, complete proteins and the other benefits of meat.

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PART ONE—A FATEFUL MEETING

AS the ancient Jacobean clock in the downstairs hall tolled the ghostly hour of three, the redheaded woman threw the last folderol into the last trunk, and as she did so, the sharp summons of the bell on the modern American-made private telephone, which connected 2 Alea Vulpache with the royal palace, sent her rushing joyfully to answer the insistent call.

Here at last was action, perhaps release. But not until this ultimate moment was she to know the portentous form which this release would take.

All night through, behind the drawn shades of the great red-brick

An intimate, eye-opening chronicle—New ight on a love that made history

Princess Helena of Greece, whose marriage to Carol ended in divorce.

Carol of Rumania, whose tangled romances were the talk of Europe.

Red-haired Magda Lupescu, the third side of the royal domestic triangle.

Madame Pompadour OF RUMANIA

THE STORY OF MAGDA LUPESCU AND KING CAROL

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Even as she spoke, there came to her the shouts of the angry crowds: "Down with the Lupescu woman!"

house, which stood so nobly in a garden of bright green shrubbery behind a high brick wall, confusion had reigned; but now, as its mistress listened, silent, immobile, a sort of peace descended on the dwelling, the peace of disaster fully realized.

For the second time in his and her storm-tossed career, Carol of Rumania had renounced his rights to the Rumanian throne, and the boy Michael, asleep and unknowing, had become the first person in all history to have preceded and then succeeded his father as king.

As for the redheaded woman in the red-brick villa, the news she heard that night from the lips of her royal lover meant that she had fallen, at the stroke of an unwilling pen, from the high estate of virtual ruler of a nation of eighteen million people to the status of a hunted fugitive's unwed wife.

But Magdalena Lupescu—called Magda by the newspapers, Elena by her friends—was, and, if she is still alive, *is* a woman imperturbable.

"Charlie darling," she replied, "it is much better so. From now on we are going to live like human beings."

Then she turned to her two most trusted attendants who had been assisting her with her preparations and were sole eye- and ear-witnesses of this historic scene. Gentlefolk they were, these two; not servants in the usual sense but loyal friends, picked by Carol himself to attend and protect their almost queen. Now, however, Magda Lupescu could but notice that their bodies shook with fear and horror at the news her words implied.

"CHILDREN," she cried, with that quick understanding which had endeared her to them and to their master, "bring champagne! We must celebrate. Now we shall all be free. Do you realize what this means to all of us, to the King?"

Three glasses were filled and, sitting on trunks in what had once been the bedchamber of Carol Hohenzollern and Magdalena Lupescu, mistress and man and maid drank "to freedom!"

But freedom is not something so easily won by the favorite of a fallen king. Already, in the broad stretches of the Alea Vulpache, menacing throngs were gathering. News of their monarch's abdication, of his impending flight, had spread through the highways and byways of Bucharest. Iron Guardists, Jew-hating Nazi fifth columnists were urging on the mob.

Even as she spoke of freedom and toasted it in wine from the royal cellars, there came to her through the heavy silken hangings of the high Byzantine windows the shouts of the angry crowds:

"Down with the Lupescu woman!"

"Don't let the Jewish mistress escape with her money!"

And this in a country where, as all the world now knows, and as Magda Lupescu then knew, human life is held so lightly that a feather is a plummet by comparison!

She was no longer Madame de Pompadour. She was Marie Antoinette. The hungry throngs were hammering at her gates, closing in upon her, demanding her death.

If such a thing as freedom existed for the redheaded woman in the red-brick house, it was to be gained only at the peril of life and limb.

But it was not always thus.

Once in Rumania there were golden days. And in those days, Leni Wolf —Leni is diminutive for Elena and Lupescu is Rumanian for Wolf—grew into the golden splendor of young womanhood in her native Moldavian hills.

Chief among the legends which have grown up in Rumania about the Lupescu girl's childhood is that she was the daughter of a Viennese junk dealer and that she was picked off a ghetto junk heap at an early age by her royal lover. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Father Wolf was a Rumanian Jew. Mother Wolf was a Viennese Aryan, a Roman Catholic, who brought up her daughter in that faith. Father Wolf was a cultured man, by profession an apothecary. And he was privileged to raise his family not within the strict boundaries of a crowded ghetto but in the lofty stretches of one of the most beautiful bits of country known to man.

If your school days go back to the period when the issuance of geographies was considered a stable business in which sane men might engage, you may remember reading that Rumania was shaped like the arm of a heavily muscular man, raised against what was supposed to be the chief menace to Rumanian happiness, the Turkish east.

In this geographical figure of the human arm, the rich province of Wallachia, extending more or less horizontally through the Balkans, constitutes the outstretched upper arm. Moldavia constitutes the upraised forearm.

Following the World War of 1914-18, Rumania acquired various adjoining territories — Transylvania, Bessarabia, Bukovina — which destroyed the traditional figure of the raised arm so neatly muscled by the Carpathians and the Transylvanian Alps, and took on the less romantic contours of a potato. But in recent months these specimens of national and geographical ectoplasm have been neatly removed. Rumania is itself again—with its protecting arm now raised in the wrong direction.

It was against the Turks that Michael the Brave—hatchet in hand —had led to victory his devoted band of Wallachians, Transylvanians, Hungarians, and Cossacks, and against whom Stephen the Great, warrior prince of Moldavia, had so bravely fought. No one, until these "enlightened" days in which we live, had looked for danger and destruction from the so-called Christian nations of the west.

King Carol riding to the Parliam

Jassy, where Apothecary Wolf lived with his Viennese wife and his Rumanian-born children, is the capital of Moldavia, and should, all Moldavians believe, have been the capital of all Rumania. But back in the 1860s, when the United States was settling its Civil War difficulties here in America and Moldavia and Wallachia were uniting under the patriot, John Alexander Cuza, choice had to be made between the less accessible Moldavian capital and Bucharest, the Wallachian capital, a city of the plains surrounded on all sides by the rich gifts of nature. Putting all personal preferences aside, Cuza chose Bucharest, with the result that Jassy has suffered under the world's neglect, and Bucharest, at least in happier times, has flourished under the world's favor.

But the world's neglect could not rob the Moldavian capital of the beauty with which a generous God had endowed it, and in physical perfections the apothecary's daughter typified, even more than her playmates of pure Rumanian blood, the beauty of the region in which she was born. Even as a child she had about her something of the grandeur of the surrounding hills and not a little of their nobility and poise—this without sacrifice of those qualities which were distinctly of her father's blood.

According to students of Rumanian folklore, there is a widely accepted story that "the first race of men were Jews of such colossal size that they stepped from hill to hill. Adam was a giant Jew. His body was so tremendously large that it had not decayed completely at the coming of Christ. Man was made of clay. This race of giants became extinct at the time of Christ.

"It is related that one day a Jewish

Crown Prince Michael in 1930.

girl of the giant type found a number of men of ordinary size ploughing on a hillside and picking up three of the men with their ploughs and oxen she gathered them in her apron and carried them to her mother, saying: 'Look, mother, what I have found—some flies scratching the ground.'"

Considering what "the big Jewish girl" has done in later years to Rumanians large and small, the old legend would seem to have a double applicability!

But of course the Lupescu girl was of no such giant proportions as the girl of the legend. Rather she was cast in the physical mold of that other Leni, Adolf Hitler's girl friend who was the presiding genius and official photographer of the Nazi-ized Olympics. But she possessed an Oriental lusciousness which quite differentiates her from that muscular beauty.

Because of her height and poise among a people of short stature and shorter temper, Lupescu has often been called statuesque. But the word does not suit her: she is too warmly alive.

Take her red hair. Highly romantic, deeply passionate qualities are attributed, frequently mistakenly, to women who possess this particular physical adornment. But some women just happen to have red hair and derive less from the experience than from the possession of a gay new hat. Others must have red hair to give outward expression to the fires within. That's the kind of redheaded woman Leni Wolf was and Magda Lupescu is.

Her hair is no more remarkable, really, than her eyes, great glowing orbs which project, as do her flaming locks, the burning Sapphic fires within. Unlike most women with unusually beautiful eyes, Lupescu makes no conscious use of them as weapons with which to slay the masculine heart. She is, I should say, above all such coquetries, or perhaps beyond them. Hers has always been a power which needed not so much direction as control.

And there are those who feel that it has not had enough of either!

While Leni Wolf was attaining to this degree of physical beauty and romantic charm in noble but neglected Moldavia, her lover-to-be Carol Hohenzollern grew up in the lush land of Wallachia, in the rich city of Bucharest, elder son of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie, heir to the Rumanian throne.

Carol even came to Moldavia; for the time arrived in the first World War—when the German armies of von Falkenhayn and von Mackensen were driving the brave but weak Rumanian armies before them up the long gray roads that led to Bucharest—that the royal family and all the court were glad enough to seek sanctuary in the less accessible Moldavian hills, to make their temporary capital in Jassy the Forgotten.

But Carol was still young, very much under the watchful eye of that extraordinary woman his mother—of whom much more later!—and his social goings and comings were limited to the country houses of the boyars, or nobles, of Moldavia. He was not exposed at this time to the charms of the redheaded daughter of the Jewish apothecary.

Whether this was for the best, who can say? The young prince, enjoying his first vacation from the strict routine of the Rumanian court, promptly fell in love with the daughter of one of the oldest and one of the poorest of the boyar families, Zizi Lambrino.

Queen Marie, who was engaged at the time in the ambitious scheme of marrying an empire, using her two stalwart sons and three personable daughters to accomplish her purpose, naturally tried to break up this love affair, and Carol, high-spirited son of a high-spirited mother, just as naturally ran away with Zizi and married her solemnly in the cathedral of Odessa.

But we were talking about Leni Wolf, the apothecary's daughter. And it should be said at once that the pleasure of her society, barred from the young Crown Prince because of his royal position, was not wholly unappreciated by many of his fellow officers of lesser rank, among them the dashing Major Constantin Tampeanu, who promptly took her to wife and, as soon as it was possible and safe, to Bucharest.

There is not room in this story, which is primarily that of Magda Lupescu, to give a detailed account of Prince Carol's tangled romances and frustrated love life in the crowded years before he met her. However, for the sake of a reputation which does not always stand up well under close inspection, it should be said that Carol, considering his youth and training and his mother's powerful personality, seems to have behaved rather well in the matter of Zizi Lambrino.

He not only married her, but, even after the Supreme Court of Rumania had annulled the marriage, he continued to live with her and acknowledge her as his wife for nearly two years. Then one of those behind-the-scenes incidents occurred, the true inwardness of which is not likely to be disclosed in our time. Carol's enemies say that after their child was born, he tired of Zizi and deserted her. His friends say that Queen Marie finally undermined their relationship and bought off Mme. Lambrino with a generous financial settlement.

Perhaps there is truth in both versions. Anyhow, Zizi Lambrino and her son retired to Paris, where they have lived comfortably—at least until the recent crisis—on a pension from the Rumanian royal treasury, and Prince Carol, again free to play his part in his mother's ambitious scheme of empire, was sent on a world tour to forget.

The tour ended where Marie had intended that it should end: in Switzerland, where Princess Helena of Greece was waiting the call to Rumanian arms. Carol dutifully supplied them. Prince Michael—afterward King Michael, and now again King Michael—was the result. Married a month earlier, as part of the pattern which was to make ambitious Queen Marie Empress of the Balkans, was Carol's sister Elizabeth to Prince George, now King George of Greece. Both marriages, as all such marriages should, ended in divorce.

Many journalistic tears have been shed over the sad fate of Princess Helena. It *was* a sad fate undoubtedly, to be forced by royal intrigue to marry Carol Hohenzollern, whom presumably she did not love. It may have been a sad fate to have been forced to live with him in loveless wedlock long enough to have the son and successor that was expected of them. But that there was any sadness in the fate that separated her from him during the subsequent tempestuous years is much to be doubted. The truth seems to be that both were quite willing to take their separate ways.

STILL married, then, but fancy free was Prince Carol when he first saw Magda Lupescu, who was, as we shall see, not lying on a ghetto junk heap, but displaying her charms as an established young matron of Bucharest society at a glittering theatrical opening night.

Much has been written of the romantic meeting of the Crown Prince and his Magdalena in picturesque Sinaia — beloved summer capital of the Rumanian royal family —but all of it is just so much imaginative and speculative wish-writing.

The couple met in Bucharest, and under circumstances which smack familiarly of life as it is too often

lived in our best known urban and suburban circles. We have Magda Lupescu's own word for it.

In one of several documents, never before published, which have recently come into the possession of Liberty—the exact English translation of her telephone conversation with Carol on the night of his abdication is one such—the woman who has succeeded Wallis Simpson as the most talked-about woman in Europe tells the true story for the first time.

IN the fall of 1923," she relates, "Carol, who was then heir to the throne attended an opening night at the National Theatre in Bucharest. He was accompanied by his wife, Princess Helena of Greece and by Captain Ernest Urdareanu his A. D. C. and boyhood friend.

"Throughout the first act I felt through the darkness that somebody was staring at me. I turned to my right and saw that the burning look came from none other than the Crown Prince. He gave me a charming smile behind his wife's back. On my left was my husband, Major Constantin Tampeanu. During the first intermission Captain Urdareanu who was well acquainted with my husband came to see us. While he kissed my hand he slipped into it a little note and gave me a significant look.

"I was dying to know what the note contained and rushed to the ladies' parlor. I still keep that piece of paper. It read:

"'Duduie [Sweet Lady], you are the loveliest woman I ever saw. I cannot take my eyes from you. Please excuse my impertinence, but I cannot help it.'

"Several weeks afterward I met the Crown Prince again at a ball. I was introduced to him by Captain Urdareanu, the A. D. C. Princess Helena was not present. Carol and I danced the whole night. It was wonderful.

"My husband was apparently very pleased that the Crown Prince paid so much attention to me. He said: 'Maybe my promotion will come more quickly now.' And so it did. He was made Colonel and given command of a Bessarabian regiment in the northernmost corner of the country.

"The region there was very primitive and in the immediate neighborhood of the Soviet border. Wives of officers were forbidden to accompany their husbands in that district. So I was left back in Bucharest alone. Every day Carol used to send me a gorgeous bouquet of flowers. I knew what was in the back of his mind. But I never dreamed in those days that Carol was really serious.

"One day Captain Urdareanu paid me a visit and told me point-blank that Carol was madly in love with me. He then described how unhappy the Crown Prince was with cold, puritanic Princess Helena, and how anxious he was for the friendship of a woman who would understand him. The Captain then suggested that I invite Carol to tea.

"Gradually my friendship with the Crown Prince transformed itself in a deep and sincere attachment. We felt that we could not live without each other. I decided to divorce my husband, and as soon as the decree was final, Carol bought me a house on the Chaussee Kisseleff in the block adjoining his own palace. Since then we have been together through thick and thin."

Through thick and thin!

In that one phrase the Pompadour of Rumania suggests all that is conceivably fine, all that is remotely worthwhile, in a relationship which, to our Anglo-Saxon eyes, so often sinks to the level of a sordid sexual intrigue.

Who knows?

In another walk of life the devotion of this man for this woman and of this woman for this man might have led to lasting happiness. In the crumbling world of monarchs and monarchies it could lead only to disaster.

It is the story of that devotion "through thick and thin"—the most bizarre, the least understood royal love affair of modern times—that we are about to tell in succeeding chapters of this story. But we cannot leave suspended in mid-air this tale of two children of a bitter fate without answering one question which must inevitably rise in every reader's mind:

Why, if Lupescu meant so much to him—and for almost two decades he has proved that she meant *everything* to him—did he not marry her?

A fair question, too!

He married the first love of his impetuous youth, even against the wishes of the mother whom he worshiped. He continued to recognize her as his wife long after the royal will of that mother and the laws of his country had robbed her of the legal right to that name, and presumably long after the young love, which had burned so hotly in both their hearts, had sunk into the ashes of indifference, perhaps of dislike.

He dutifully married Helena of Greece, for whom he had never pretended the slightest affection, and lived with her in a marriage which must have been distasteful to them both, until the object of their union had been achieved.

WHY, then, should he not have married Duduie, the sweet lady of his dreams, the love of his life?

Well, of course, there was the strong anti-Semitic feeling which became articulate in Rumania long before Hitler and his followers gave it voice in modern Germany. Before the arrival of the Hohenzollerns in Rumania the differences between the Jews and the Rumanians had been chiefly religious. With the coming of Carol's great-uncle, Carol I—Karl Eitel Friedrich, second son of Prince Karl Anton of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, to whom the Rumanian crown had been peddled when John Alexander Cuza tired of its weight—the feeling became racial, and therefore social.

But anti-Semitism is one charge to which the present Carol has never laid himself open. He has freely consorted with a Jewish mistress in nearly every capital of Europe. He has placed her relatives and friends, for better or worse, in positions of the utmost importance in his own kingdom. He has, in spite of his Hohenzollern blood, been definitely anti-Nazi in all of his major foreign policies.

The Carol who married Zizi Lambrino against the opposition of Marie of Rumania would have married Magda Lupescu against the opposition of all Christendom!

But the Carol who fell in love with Lupescu was not the Carol who had fallen in love with Lambrino, or who had suffered for his mother's sake the loveless marriage with "cold, puritanic Princess Helena."

He was older, for one thing, and more experienced in the ways of youthful princes on the paths of love. Most important of all, he had become, in one brief moment, perhaps the most thoroughly disillusioned young man of modern times.

AND who had disillusioned him? Lambrino, who had accepted Rumanian gold to rid herself of his society? No. Zizi had acted, on the whole, for the best. There is no evidence that in parting he either resented or regretted her.

The Grecian princess who, while still his wife, had shown such obvious preference for a life in which he played no part? No. He and Helena had been fellow victims of a system long outmoded in western Europe but still surviving in the Balkan east: the system of foreign alliances conceived in council chambers and completed in boudoirs.

Carol held for Helena no love, and no hate. Besides, he was well aware, as we shall become as we go on with this story, that he suffers from a biological urge such as is known to few men and can be endured for any length of time by few women.

Was it Lupescu herself, the one woman who could satisfy his every need, physical, social, mental, perhaps spiritual? No. A million times no!

The woman who disillusioned Carol about women was the woman he worshiped almost as a goddess, his royal mother, Queen Marie.

And the story of that disillusionment—a story which affects every phase of the future relationship between Carol and Magda Lupescu—began at four o'clock in the morning when the Crown Prince, returning to the royal palace from a court ball, discovered a certain all-powerful noble of the Rumanian realm emerging from his mother's bedchamber!

More amazing glimpses into Europe's "most immoral court" and further stories of the progress of l'affaire Lupescu *will appear in Liberty next week.*

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Is our way of choosing a President outmoded? . . Here's a surprising reply

SHALL WE GET RID OF THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE?

BY SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

EVERY four years we start talking all over again about getting rid of the Presidential Electors who actually choose the President of the United States. Reformers demand that Presidents be named by winning top place in the total nation-wide popular vote on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. We have just been facing this demand again. It is superficially persuasive. But it is dangerous business—if we are to preserve the American theory of balanced power in a representative democracy. And it will never happen—if I may venture a dogmatic prophecy—because three fourths of the states, representing a minority of actual population, will never surrender Presidential domination to one fourth of the states.

But let's look at the problem and see what's what. To most citizens it is a mystery.

President Roosevelt himself was not re-elected last November 5. No, indeed. The qualified voters in each of the forty-eight states chose Presidential Electors, who in turn elected the next President on January 6, when *their* ballots were opened in Washington before a joint session of the Senate and House of Representatives. Once upon a time these Presidential Electors were presumably free agents, chosen to exercise their own free judgment as to the best available President. But this theory of things didn't last long. When political parties entered the American scene, as early as 1800, these Presidential Electors came to be the strictly bound agents of the party they represented. That is what they are today. That is what they were on January 6. That is why President Roosevelt has been given the votes of Presidential Electors from the thirty-eight states which they carried in his name, or which he carried in their name—take your choice.

Each state has one Presidential Elector for each senator and each congressman—531 in all. The Republicans in each state nominated Willkie Electors. The Democrats in each state nominated Roosevelt Electors. You actually voted for these Electors. Actually, these Electors could vote on January 6 for any President they pleased. They could totally disregard their electoral instructions. But such a thing has never happened. If it did—except in the case of the death of their candidate between Election Day and January 6—it would be the scandal of the ages. Life would be very unhealthy for the perpetrator of any such breach of trust. It would be civil treason. It will never happen. The fact remains that Mr. Roosevelt did not get his third term until *his* Presidential Electors, each responding to the popular vote in his own state, gave it to him on January 6.

Why maintain this ponderous machinery? Why not total the nation-wide popular vote and name the top man winner forthwith? Well, it's a very engaging idea. It has been supported over the years by some very great Americans — notable among them Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri back in 1825, President Andrew Jackson in both of his White House terms, Senator Charles Sumner in Civil War days, Senator Oliver P. Morton in later years. The Electoral College has been under quadrennial fire for a century. The same old issue rises again today. But it has never even been able to reach the stage of submitting a Constitutional amendment to the states. There must be a very profound and persuasive reason. There is.

The maintenance of the Presidential Elector, as such, is not the point. He merely happens to be the individual who personifies a principle. The principle—a very fundamental one in the American theory of government—is that each state shall speak for itself in behalf of its Presidential choice, and no state, simply because it is less populous, shall have its choice swallowed up in the stifling big majorities in more populous states. In other words, there are important, significant, and vital values in the American way of life besides the mere weight of numbers of people. If you strike a nation-wide total of the people's ballots, an overwhelming majority for Candidate A in one big state may swallow up and nullify relatively overwhelming majorities for Candidate B in ten smaller states. Thus the big state may elect the President. That is not the American theory of *balanced* power (the very genius of our free institutions). It is not the way of a representative republic. The Presidential Elector himself, I repeat, is merely an incident. You could do away with him entirely and still preserve the system if you still allowed each state to vote by itself and then to be represented in the final accounting by the same number of units now personified by these Electors. But the *system* and the *principle* are vitally important.

A majority of the American people live in ten states—which happen to be New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, California, Texas, Michigan, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Missouri. These ten states are equivalent in population to thirty-eight other states. Therefore, in a nation-wide vote, with state units eliminated, ten states can theoretically outvote thirty-eight states and reduce the

voting influence of the latter to zero. Theoretically, New York State alone can outvote the eighteen states of Connecticut, Nebraska, Colorado, Oregon, Maine, Rhode Island, North and South Dakota, Montana, Utah, New Mexico, Idaho, Arizona, New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware, Wyoming, and Nevada. New York and Pennsylvania together can outvote all these plus West Virginia, Florida, Maryland, Kansas, and Washington. New York and Pennsylvania and Illinois together can outvote all those plus Oklahoma, Mississippi, Arkansas, and South Carolina (even if these Southern states allowed free Negro franchise). Three states theoretically can outvote twenty-seven states.

WELL, you say, so what? If three states have more people than twenty-seven states, why shouldn't they outvote 'em? Isn't that the American theory of "majority rule"? Answer: No, *it is not.* We are *not* a *national* democracy. We are a republic of confederated states. No country the size of ours could ever survive as one central democracy, with no localized home rule to fit localized controls to localized needs. Indeed, that is the basic vice of present-day trends —centralization of federal power, destruction of local and state self-government. The destruction of the Presidential electoral system would be just one more engulfing surge in this wrong direction.

No; it is not the American theory. The state is our primary unit of government. The Union is the indissoluble federation of these units for national purposes of common concern. It is not intended to be the instrument of destruction for these units. The Constitution is written on this principle. Otherwise it could never have been written at all. Witness two senators from *every* state, regardless of population. Witness that this is the *only* provision of the Constitution which can never be changed except by unanimous consent.

The reason? This American theory recognizes other values than populous concentrations in the creation of a nation. It recognizes natural resources in the great open country as well as congested tenements in metropolitan centers. Accordingly, it strives for a balance of power which shall be fair to *all* the values that constitute a nation.

Just as each state gets two senators, regardless of population, so each state gets two Presidential Electors, regardless of population. Then each state gets one Elector for each congressman in the House of Representatives, wholly representing population. And then each state, voting by itself, decides whom all of its Electors shall support for President —and no other state can, by its preponderant majorities, blot out the individual voice of each state when it thus has spoken. That is the American theory. And that is why three states, even if they do have more people, are not entitled to reduce to zero the Presidential influence of twenty-seven other states. That is why the theory underlying the Electoral College is sound.

Without intending any invidious affront, I add, parenthetically, that our great concentrated populations seem to lend themselves to a type of political control and manipulation—if not actual corruption—which does not deserve any additional authority in the determination of national destiny.

Now, fortunately, this whole matter is largely academic, because almost invariably the Presidential winner of the total nation-wide popular vote is also the winner of the votes of a majority of Presidential Electors. But this fact merely adds to the undesirability of changing the established system when the change *might* upset the balanced power upon which the whole successful system of our republican institutions is founded.

It is true that there can be a great distortion between popular votes and electoral votes. This was best illustrated in 1912, when Wilson turned 6,293,019 popular votes into 435 electoral votes, while Theodore Roosevelt got only 88 electoral votes out of 4,119,507 popular votes and Taft got only 8 out of 3,484,956. The fact remains that the President chosen by the Presidential Electors was the same President who led in the popular totals. Indeed, in only three instances has the Electoral College failed to choose the top man at the previous Presidential polls.

The first time was 1824, when there was no majority among the Electors as required by the Constitution, and the choice was thrown into the House of Representatives, where John Quincy Adams was chosen, although he ran second to Andrew Jackson at the popular polls. The second time was in 1876, when Tilden beat Hayes by the close squeak of 252,224 out of more than eight million popular votes, but Hayes beat Tilden 185 to 184 among the Presidential Electors —and we almost had a revolution as a result. The third time was in 1888, when Cleveland beat Harrison by the thin margin of 100,476 popular votes in more than eleven million, but Harrison was chosen with 233 Electors to his opponent's 168.

SOME of these discrepancies may seem incongruous in a "government by popular majority." Yet the noted exceptions only serve to emphasize the constancy of the rule that the popular choice usually becomes the Electors' choice; and thus to demonstrate that the advantage of doing away with the Elector system is not of commanding challenge when compared with the disadvantage of creating a situation in which a few populous states are invited to take over control of the government for keeps. As a matter of fact, it often is true that we would not get a *majority* President except as the successful candidate was given a *majority* in the Electoral College. Twelve Presidents have failed of a popular majority because of split fields; yet all twelve got Electoral majorities. Even Lincoln, in 1860, got only 40 per cent of the popular vote; but he got 60 per cent of the Electoral vote.

Doing away with Presidential Electors and substituting direct nation-wide popular voting for the Presidency would have a distinct tendency to increase the probability that we should never again have a President representative of an actual popular majority. Why? Because it would encourage multiple Presidential candidacies. The very fact that the Elector system is somewhat ponderous in its mechanism—requiring as it does the nomination of Electors in each state—serves to discourage mushroom candidacies and to confine the candidacies to major parties which possess the machinery to produce the nomination of Electors.

IT would be far simpler for Presidential candidates to qualify in their own individual right. Many more of them would do so. Pressure groups knowing exactly what they want could find such a situation made to order to permit the capture of the White House by a minority candidate, representing a special interest, in a widely split field. This would not be conducive to popular government in a practical sense. On the contrary, it might easily hasten the demise of the two-party system of American politics. It might easily precipitate the curse of multiple parties.

With freedoms crashing all round the world, it may seem like a trivial thing to discuss a Constitutional incident like Presidential Electors. But it is at just such a time that impatient citizens may have no time to think about the relatively little things which, in sum total, make up our own fabric of freedom. Franklin D. Roosevelt would have become President of the United States in January, 1941, whether we had had Presidential Electors or had let the nation-wide totals control. The fact remains that he won because he controlled every large city, with possibly one exception, plus the "solid South." You can carry that trend to an ultimate conclusion which, with one nation-wide total controlling, would always deliver control of the all-powerful White House to the concentrated mass voters in our larger urban centers. These urban centers are just as much a part of the United States as any other sectors, *but they are not the only sectors.* America has survived on the theory of balanced power between *all* sectors. It will not long survive on any other theory. That's why the theory of the Electoral College has outlived every attack upon its basic purpose for 150 years. That's why a Constitutional amendment to choose Presidents on the basis of a total nation-wide direct vote will never succeed. And that's why it never should.

THE END

Beauty to the rescue!—A colorful tale of danger and a girl's brave stratagem

"We five—the women, the general, and ourselves—are here alone?" I said.

Lady Golden Lotus

BY NEILL C. WILSON

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

STILLMAN went outside for a look and a moment of meditation. It was a rare night. The near-by Ming-ho murmured of recent leaps down diked and terraced mountains; it was running in falling volume between its levees. On the northern sky line spotty red flashes played where Chunsen was crumbling. The thump of guns did not pierce the music of the river. Glad he'd forbidden all lights, distinctly wanting no visitors, Stillman sat in the restful dark and drew on his cheroot.

Some one plucked his sleeve.

It was Woo Hip, his Number One boy. Stillman hadn't heard him approach. Dammit! he thought. Why can't he scuffle his feet? I ought to hang a bell around his neck. Irritably he told the fellow to speak up.

"*I-kuan* [Illustrious foreign doctor], three travelers and six porters have stopped. They seek shelter and help."

"Tell them the hospital has moved. We are weary night-resters ourselves. We have no facilities."

Woo Hip bowed away. Stillman let his mind range the darkness. Constantly on the move, the Non-Theological Medical Center had been setting up wherever it could beside the pitiful path that China was trudging with its shoulder poles and wheelbarrows; with its sick and its old; with its pots, pans, babies, and bird cages. In heights at the west, now bulking close, the patriot General Yuin Lao-yin—the amazing Guerrilla Eagle—had his nest. The Eagle's men, poorly armed but superbly led, had wrought heartening miracles. That ground attack yesterday on the invaders' airdrome at Chunsen, off yonder across the dish-like earth, had been a masterpiece of boldness.

"*I-kuan*"—it was Woo Hip again—"the visitors insist."

Blast the fellow! Why didn't he send them away, as he was told? He knew that staff and supplies had gone onward; that Stillman was waiting over for a night because he was dead for sleep. Woo Hip's own lips had brought the news at today noon that had forced resumption of the endless flight: word that Chunsen was doomed; rumor that the Guerrilla Eagle himself had been killed or taken.

"*I-kuan*"—the servant's voice was silky—"they offer this."

Stillman found a weight in his hands. It was a jar, about a foot tall, porcelain-smooth. The American could feel what made it so heavy: To an inch below the brim it was packed with coins.

Shrewdly he guessed that it had been level-full or heaping a moment before. The inch would be about the percentage to Woo Hip's sticky fingers. If the balance was to be rejected without further shrinkage, Stillman had better hand it back himself.

Two of the travelers were in sedan chairs. The third was on a stretcher that swayed between a pair of dog-tired bearers. The American parted the brocaded curtains of the first chair, pressed the vase upon the unseen occupant. "We can do nothing for you here tonight. Besides myself, who am worn out, there are but two servants and a handful of porters. We have neither beds nor food."

"But, *I-kuan*, my son is sick. My son is hurt." An elderly voice issued from that heavily scented cavern. There was no mistaking the refinement. She was an authentic Old Chinese gentlewoman. One from a household of the greatest dignity. Possessor, no doubt, of jades richer than emeralds at her ears or throat, of deformed lily feet and five-inch fingernails, of a code of traditionalism longer than the Great Silk Road. One to whom only darkness and a dread emergency could give courage to address a stranger so directly.

"I am sorry," the American repeated, checking his impatience. "We are out of anesthetics, surgical instruments, the simplest drugs."

"*I-kuan*, you *must* help. My son is—" Her voice dropped to nothing. Stillman became aware of Woo Hip again at his elbow. The old lady found strength to repeat her whisper. "My son is gravely wounded. We can go no farther. He is the Guerrilla Eagle, the General Yuin Lao-yin."

She tried to thrust the treasure back into the doctor's arms. It was the last thing he wanted. But her information drove the trifle out of his mind. He may have put the vase on the ground. He may have handed it to Woo Hip.

"I will examine your son," he said; adding: "And in this other chair?" Again a perfume, this time shy as jasmine, dainty as almond blossoms, gave him an image of the occupant.

"My daughter."

Her tone conveyed the orthodox Old Chinese gentlewoman's complete assumption that her daughter's pri-

vacy would be honored. Stillman knew the care that Old China flung around the modesty of its patrician young women. Reared like little nuns in the Within Apartments, taught to stand before their elders with downcast eyes, schooled to tuck hands in sleeves, and instructed to feel tarnish and dismay if the peeping world should see so much as their bare wrists—not even the camellia blossom, which bruises at a touch, was half so fragile. Here was bud to be guarded from so much as an unauthorized glance. An odd pair these, mother and daughter, to be upon the road tonight.

Stillman gave a curt order to Woo Hip. The accommodations were meager enough—a single mat hut, a dozen feet by twenty, divided down its middle by a screen of empty rice bags. The Guerrilla Eagle's mother and sister could take the doctor's sleeping half of the hut, which had its own doorway outward. The wounded man was carried into the other half. By the light of a candle Stillman made out the case: comminuted fractures of both legs. Such injuries could come of a long fall, say a miscalculated leap from a lofty wall. The Guerrilla Eagle, while trying to raise the siege of Chunsen, doubtless had attempted a stolen visit to his ancestral home. He was young, handsome, stoical. His black eyes never wavered while the doctor worked. Not a whimper. Stillman did what he could.

"The gauze, Woo Hip. Now the splint."

The materials were handed to him not by the mature hands of the Number One boy but by the sixteen-year-old fingers of Sam Sing, his Number Two boy.

"Where is Woo Hip?" he asked sharply, but didn't catch the answer. Later, with the Eagle made as comfortable as possible, he found time to wonder again. Woo Hip had certainly taken himself off.

The money vase stood on the ground. Stillman picked it up, shook it. Woo Hip had decamped, then, for the sake of a jugful of coins?

LIKE a sword lunge came the true meaning of his going. For no mere sleeveful of booty had the Number One boy vanished. Stillman remembered Woo Hip's gasp when their guest was named. The invaders' posted price for the Guerrilla Eagle, dead or alive, was fifty thousand dollars gold.

"Call the visitors' porters at once," the American ordered Sam Sing, "and round up our own. The wounded general and his relatives—and you, Sam Sing, and I—must be on for the hills without a minute's delay."

"*I-kuan*," reported Sam Sing simply, "our bearers already have fled. Woo Hip advised them to go."

"We five—the women, the general, and ourselves—are here alone?"

"We are alone."

The white man considered. The trail would be full of holes and pitches, but Sam Sing and he might be able to lug the injured man. The girl, whom they hadn't yet seen, for all her precious upbringing, could probably walk. But he thought of the older woman, and the stunted feet that were the badge of her order and generation. And the safety of the hills wouldn't begin short of fifteen miles.

It was a nice problem. He considered it in several combinations. If the old one couldn't walk, he and Sam Sing would have to tote her too. But how far up the trail would they get, burdened with two cripples, in a race with armed and hotly determined pursuers? The end would be bloody and utterly without dignity. Better to stay and face the situation out. At its worst, for the general, seizure by the enemy would be one of the painful but not unexpected fortunes of war. For his mother it would be one of the turns of the Wheel of Life. And for Stillman, whatever his failings as a practicing Samaritan, taking to heels and leaving those helpless two behind simply was unthinkable. He would have to remain.

But he thought of the girl, the Eagle's sister; and he thought of Wuhu, Hankow, the mass rapings and the mass bayonetings at Nanking. Her fate, if she were captured, would be too brutish and obscene for speculation.

SAM SING," he instructed, "take an ax and cut the woven bridge. It will delay pursuit, and you shall lead the Eagle's sister to the hills. The Eagle has lived briefly but gloriously. His mother has lived honorably and long. I do not fear the invader, for I am an American; I am not his foe. You will go?"

"*Pu-kan-tan* [I am not worthy]. But if the Eagle's sister will precede me, I will point the way."

Stillman heard his ax in the darkness, hewing the bamboo cables. He went to the dividing curtain of the tent-hut, and called through.

Rapidly he explained. The invaders would soon be up in force on the opposite bank. The American doctor would do what he could to obtain for the general and his mother the mercy that they would not ask for themselves. But the invaders, being of a stripe well shown at many sacks and burnings, could not be counted upon to show restraint and courtesy toward the younger woman, whose peril would be in direct proportion to her youth, beauty, and maidenly cloistered charm. For her, Stillman had a respectful guide who would show her the way to the heights garrisoned by loyal men—

When Stillman finished, there was debate between the women. It was short. The mother pleaded. Silvery notes made answer. They were liquid clear as temple bells; they bore finality.

The rice mats parted. The lined face of the old woman appeared.

"*I-kuan*," spoke the mother of General Yuin Lao-yin and his eaglet sister, "heaven is the lid of a coffin, the earth is the floor of the coffin; men may rush to and fro but they are in the coffin still. My daughter, the Lady Golden Lotus, refuses to leave her parent and brother."

Stillman nodded. He had expected it. Hands clasped high to her bosom, the mother of the doomed family gave a stiff, ceremonious bob and withdrew.

Sam Sing had finished chopping. The suspension bridge lay in wreckage. Nothing on foot, track, or wheel could now cross the Ming-ho until the invaders' engineers restored the span. Nothing could cross but an airplane, and the Eagle, when he stormed Chunsen's airdrome, had destroyed the whole nest of those mechanical carrion birds. For a few hours they were safe. After that—

Sam Sing came up, bowed. "The *ku-nyie* [The honored young mistress] is ready?"

"She will not go, Sam Sing. She has spoken."

The boy stood a moment in silence. "*Mei fa tze* [There is no help for it]. Nothing more can I do here?"

"There is nothing more."

Again seconds for pondering. Then, "Illustrious doctor, time is an arrow. I may go alone?"

"That is the sensible thing for you, Sam Sing." After all, the boy had played square. At Nanking the invader had tied his kind into squirming bundles, doused them with gasoline, and set fire to the human fagots. "No use your staying and making a sacrifice. Skip along now, and good luck."

"I shall go. I shall carry the word to the men in the mountains. They shall come down, fifty strong porters for the chairs, five hundred fighting men to protect the travelers with swords and guns."

"But, Sam Sing, that's a round trip of a hundred *li*. You can't possibly get up to those summits and send the Eagle's men down here in time. But if you feel it gives you a mission, hurry!"

The boy disappeared. Stillman stood awhile, listening to the water quarreling with the severed bridge; turned and went in. After all, he had a patient.

He listened to the injured man's breathing. It was fairly regular. The patient's face was that of a boy not a half dozen years older than Sam Sing, but it was a striking face, a born commander's. From the women's compartment came no sound.

Weary enough, but knowing

LIBERTY

She unbuttoned and doffed her flowered tunic.

the night held no sleep for him, the medical man went to the other side of the hut and sat down.

The vase, lately the bearer of a pint or two of coins, stood beside the candle. The light bathed its graceful swells. Under the flicker, it almost seemed alive.

Stillman knew little about Chinese ceramics. His work had taken all his time. Yet on this night the pretty symmetry of the little jug, its cunning perfection of line, mass, color, texture, were something to pin the mind to through the still hours. He wondered how long the perishable cream-yellow bit of clay had dwelt on this troubled earth, what ordeals it had triumphed through. He began to ask if a thing could be so victoriously lovely that its very fragility could become its shield. Against its antiquity, the turmoil of the present was surely but an instant.

HIS mind swept back over the current turmoil. Only eight months!

At Menkentow the American Non-Theological Medical Center had had seven wards, two hundred beds, two operating theaters, dispensary, clinic. When the invader first started roiling things at Shanghai, Menkentow, far up the Yangtze, had scarcely heard the reverberations. When the invader sacked Nanking, the Center's snug *kon-tuan* had still been a thousand miles above such fury. They had, Stillman recalled, a particularly jolly Christmas dance that month at the English Racing and Tennis Club. . . .

With a start, he recalled where he now was—in a rice-mat hut on a treeless bank of a tributary of the Yangtze, directly in the path of war.

The patient's respiration, pulse, temperature were good. He was still asleep. The American set water to heat on a brazier, stirred up gruel, opened two cans of milk. Until the Eagle should be snatched from Stillman's keeping, he would have all the care the white man could give. Dishes were lacking, so Stillman rinsed the vase, filled it with gruel, and pushed the simple breakfast under the partition to the women.

The doctor heard the door curtain rustle behind him. He spun about. It was his Number Two boy.

"Sam Sing! You should be far away!"

The boy had been running. His lungs were ready to burst. "*I-kuan*, I did not reach the stairs of the mountains. The Ming-ho gorge is full of leaping water. Yuin Lao-yin's men, to save Chunsen, have cut the dikes!"

"But your feet are dry; they are white with dust!"

"The waters, after leaping out of the gorge, are seeking their hundred channels through the rice plain —they are walking. I turned about and ran. *I-kuan*, the walking waters are about fifteen minutes behind."

Stillman was as one snapping out of a hideous dream. Then the in-

vaders were headed off—the group would escape. The south side of the Ming was higher ground. Here their tent would not be reached.

"Sam Sing, the news you bear is more golden than gold. But the Eagle needs many things this tent does not hold. You shall go on again and fetch us a party of strong carriers. But first you must rest. You have earned an hour, two hours—"

"Foreign doctor, it is too late. The invaders are already here. They are setting up a cannon across the river."

Stillman bounded up and looked out. The boy was right. Unaware of the advance of the counterattacking water, a truckload of brown men had arrived on the opposite levee. The hard fighting about Chunsen probably engaged the rest of their division, but this small lot was enough for the job in hand. The truck had pulled up a three-inch field piece. The gun was being swung and pushed into place directly across the stream.

THE American's brain churned. He thought hotly, as on the night before, of trying to evacuate the general and his relatives and make a dash for it. The idea, he decided, was folly. About the hut and up the path, as far as eye could see, there was no cover. The field piece across the river could swing its muzzle faster than they could run, even were they unencumbered with a crumpled man on a stretcher and an old woman with deformed feet. They were trapped. Stillman called to the women beyond the screen to cast themselves flat on the ground, and dragged Sam Sing down with him.

They had lost. Despite all the waters released from the impounding mountains—they had lost by a scant fifteen minutes.

Twelve. The gunners swabbed their piece. They plainly proposed to be thorough. The Guerrilla Eagle was about to be liquidated, and in no uncertain way. The informer, Woo Hip, had evidently warned that the beleaguered group would cut the bridge. So a cannon had been sent. Stillman again thought swiftly of the only remaining choice for the rest of the group—abandonment of the patient, and retreat in clear sight up the south bank. Perhaps, satisfied with their one tremendous prize, the gunners would let the others go.

He called urgently through the screen, made the proposal to the women. Silence answered.

The gunners went on methodically dressing down their field piece. There was, for them, no hurry. The Guerrilla Eagle was at the mouth of their weapon, alive by their pleasure. The situation must have given them cat-and-mouse enjoyment.

Stillman was thinking: Twelve minutes would have saved us. *Ten* would have saved us.

Wheels, limber, all the rest of the gun disappeared behind the muzzle as that black-centered disk rose and trained. The frail hut was a point-blank target. The distance was not one hundred yards.

Unexpectedly, shatteringly, voices rose in the adjoining chamber. In this moment, of all times, the Eagle's mother and sister were angrily disputing. The older voice mounted to vehemence. The younger was controlled, imperative. Willful dispute with a parent by a Chinese maiden of breeding in this awful, disintegrating moment! Stillman could not believe his ears. With a "*Chieh kuang* [Let me pass]," the argument broke off. He was peering out under the tent wall toward the river when the outside door curtain of the women's apartment swept aside. His younger guest, the Eagle's sister, stepped forth.

With poise and quiet purpose in her walk, the yellow-white vase in her hand, the Lady Golden Lotus advanced down the sloping levee to its margin, knelt, filled the vessel with water from the river. She returned up the slope and placed her jar on the ground directly in front of the rice-mat wall that concealed her brother.

Did she think such a trifle would stay the belch of a cannon? Or was it a detail in a more elaborate scheme?

SEEMINGLY oblivious of Stillman at her back and the gnomelike men on the other bank, she kicked off her embroidered slippers. She unbuttoned and doffed her flowered satin tunic. She shed a little blouse of sheer white gauze. She slipped off, in unhurried order, three pairs of pantaloons. Calm, unembarrassed, deft, she lifted the vase, sent a cascade leaping, put down the utensil, and leisurely laved her person with her rosy-nailed hands.

The young dawn fell on her skin and it was mellow ivory. It was strained honey. It was cured bamboo. It was standing ripened rice. To Stillman's eyes it was more amber-sleek than any of those. It was ocher-touched porcelain. She stood in the gilding sunlight, filling her arms with the pollen of its beams.

One of the brown men opposite held a steel-nosed shell in his arms. He had received it from an ammunition bearer and had started to lift it into the breech. At the first revelation, he halted; the heavy burden sank in his arms; he squatted now, and the lethal thing rested, steely point on the ground. An officer stood, legs apart, unabashedly gorging himself through binoculars.

Coolly ignoring the stares, she picked up a scarf and ran it up and down her form, over her supple shoulders, about her feet. Pliant in her motions as a golden minnow, she performed her rite in front of that menacing gun, shielding all that she loved with that dainty and amazing shield, the bared warm candor of her flesh. Fighting for her brother's life. Fighting for China. Fighting audaciously, intrepidly, for time. She straightened. Still battling for time, her arms curved upward. Her hands in front of her ears grew busy with the rounded dip of her smooth black hair. Surely it was the strangest bit of warfare, and the prettiest, ever waged.

Perhaps the walking waters sent vague heralds. Perhaps the brown men heard. Perhaps one of them, looking across his shoulder, saw. A silver sheet was advancing lightly, like tiny cavalry with mincing steps.

There was a yell. The men leaped for the seat of the truck. The officer dropped his binoculars and shouted. There was aimless running. Another silver sheet came sliding soundlessly over the first. An artilleryman remembered the shell he had put on the ground. He ran for it, tried with a comrade's help to hoist it to the breech. The two lost footing, fell backward in a couple of sudden fountains—a ridiculous sight. Now the officer was furious; he had his revolver out.

A third silvery sheet came charging. A pair of gunners splashed through it with another shell. They too lost footing, lunged. The officer shot into the floundering forms.

A fourth sheet. A fifth. The waters were walking faster. The truck's engine must have spluttered and died. Its driver and his companions sprang down, went wading off, waist-deep, in wild disorder. The officer sent two or three shots after them; then, his all-important military mission unperformed and rendered impossible, accepted the fact of his disgrace. There was a final gesture with the pistol and he lurched into the tide. The snout of the field gun slowly tilted upward and slued about as its undercarriage sank. The Lady Golden Lotus had long since gathered up her garments and returned to the apartment of her unspeaking parent.

AN hour or two later the tent was ripped down by friendly hands. Stillman's colleagues in the hills had sent new porters. When the coolies found the fabulous Guerrilla Eagle in the American's care, there was a fine struggle for the privilege of bearing the stretcher and the chairs of the revered mother and sister.

The last thing picked up at the abandoned station was the little cream-yellow vase, spied by Stillman where it lay forgotten on the turf. Though no pottery collector, he ran and got it. "It is, for me," he told friends afterward, "a *pi-fang*—a symbol. It is a night without sleep, a river singing in the dark, a fifteen-minute eternity, a portrait of a very special dawn."

The parade wound cheerfully up the trail, chair curtains, about Lady Golden Lotus in particular, again discreetly drawn.

THE END

LIFE AND DEATH AT THE TELEPHONE

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

A real-life drama to ponder on a day we'll soon be celebrating

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PEACE hath her victories no less renown'd than war." With the world full of terror and woe, the story of the saving of a life—one little life—is worth the telling.

In the Children's Hospital in Iowa City, Iowa, on a recent holiday, a boy lay gasping for breath. "Infantile paralysis," a doctor said. A woman wept and prayed. And a man rushed frantically about the hospital, begging for help. "We must have an iron lung," he said. "Where can I get an iron lung?"

The boy must be placed in an iron lung or he would surely die. There was no iron lung in Iowa City. And if there was one anywhere near by, how could it be found in time?

"Why don't you wire the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis?" some one said. "They're in New York. At 120 Broadway."

New York was a thousand miles away. Who in that far-off city would care enough about a little boy in Iowa to send him an iron lung? And, supposing somebody should care enough, sending it would take many hours. It was bound to come too late.

There would be red tape. There would be papers to fill out, questions to answer. Foundations were cold things, even when organized for mercy. They were corporations. And, besides, it was a holiday. There would be no one at this foundation's office.

Yet the telegram was sent. And there *was* a man in the office when it came. As soon as he had read it, he reached into a desk drawer for a yellow booklet, in which was the name, address, and phone number of every person in the United States who owned an iron lung.

There are 654 iron lungs in the United States today; and though only a quarter of them are in use just now, it is always possible the others will be demanded by a sudden epidemic miles away.

The man in the New York skyscraper called a number out of his booklet, the number of a hospital superintendent in an Iowa city. There was no answer. He called another number. Again there was no answer. All the towns around Iowa City he called. And he heard nothing but: "I am sorry; they do not answer."

He called them again. At last, in Muscatine, Iowa, he found a lung that could be sent to the dying boy.

"We'll rush it immediately," he was told. "But we must have it back tomorrow. There is an epidemic quite near us."

"Thanks," said the man in New York. "Get it to the Children's Hospital in Iowa City as fast as the Lord'll let you. Meantime I'll get somebody in Chicago to send a lung. It may take me all night. But I can guarantee that you'll get your lung back by tomorrow night."

The man in Iowa City had sent a telegram to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Hour after hour had passed and he had received no word. And the child was growing weaker. He must die, God help him . . .

Suddenly there was a noise down the street, the wail of motorcycle sirens. And then there was a big car rushing into the driveway of the hospital. It stopped, and men jumped out and took something out of it, something bulky and heavy — and precious, to judge by the way they handled it.

They came into the hospital with it, the iron lung from Muscatine. The child was placed in it, and he breathed without difficulty. And a man's despair gave way to hope, a woman's tears to prayers of thanks.

In due course the lung from Chicago, owned by the Chicago Rapid Transit Company, came to replace the one from Muscatine—which was badly needed there. A few days later C. V. Neff, superintendent of the Children's Hospital in Iowa City, called up the man who had procured the lungs, the secretary of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. "Our heartfelt thanks," he said. "You have saved a boy's life."

The National Foundation functions through the dimes and quarters and dollars of hundreds of thousands of American citizens. It is the first foundation on record built and maintained by public subscription. Between 1934 and 1940 the sum of $7,036,318 was raised for it and its aim "to fight infantile paralysis." In the last three years $2,281,408 of this amount has gone for research, education, and emergency aid during epidemics; and $1,475,972 was furnished local chapters to buy hospital care and equipment.

At present the total resources of the Foundation is $3,757,380—an insignificant amount compared with the endowments of other institutions. Nevertheless, the National Foundation has financed fifty-five scientific projects in the United States within the last three years. It has, through this financing, learned a few things about infantile paralysis that were not known before.

Last November the Foundation assembled in New York the first medical conclave in American history to be devoted to this dread disease. The eminent research scientists and orthopedic surgeons who attended admitted that they still didn't know much about infantile paralysis or how to cope with it. But they pooled what knowledge they had, in order that all who fought it might be aided.

"Day by day," said one of them, "small parts of the gigantic jigsaw puzzle of control of infantile paralysis are being fitted together for posterity."

Remember that when you dance at the President's birthday ball on January 30—when you "dance that others may walk." Or, if you do not attend one of these dances, remember that the Foundation is supported largely by funds collected through the campaign of the Committee for the Celebration of the President's Birthday.

Because, you know, that boy in Iowa City might have been your son.

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the soldiers of the United States: for the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps—also for their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of individuals will be held in strict confidence, whether letters are signed with full name or initials.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

WE'VE got a fifth columnist in our platoon. Guy says, "Let Hitler have Europe, Japan have Asia, and the U. S. run the Western Hemisphere—why should we get into somebody else's scrap?" We know he's all wet, but he's too smart to argue with. Knows too many slick answers. I don't want to get the reputation of a squealer or officer's pet around here. Should I write to the Dies Committee?

P. D. F., Buffalo (Fort Niagara).

Keep your shirt on and your eyes open. Chances are your officers will get wise and take proper action. Be sure you are not mistaken before you speak up.

I seem to be the only one out of 12,000 here who doesn't think the picnic is wonderful. It is a picnic, all right. But not wonderful to me. General White is running the camp on a "happy family" scheme. He says democracy is important in the army as in civilian life, and old-fashioned discipline is out. Everybody just buddies, that's all. They have not even built a guardhouse, and since September not a man has been confined for disobedience or anything. Sounds just lovely. But I hate Hitler, and this kind of training is not teaching me how to go up against his Panzer divisions. Even if you don't like them, they're tough guys over there.

J. F. H., Spokane (Camp Murray).

Old Sarge doesn't sound off against generals. Even if he did, consider this: Not likely he would have his stars unless he knew what he was doing. And the old Hard-Boiled Smith discipline is out, all through the army.

My outfit, Squadron A, New York Cavalry, will not go to camp for another month. But we are plenty worried. We joined because we liked horses and couldn't afford to own them. Now, all we hear is mechanizing the cavalry. We hate autos and trucks. Are horses going out altogether in this army? If so, it's a damn shame.

S. T. H., Jr., New York.

Official reports from cavalry commands at Leavenworth and Fort Bliss state that cavalry is actually being much increased. In much American terrain it is more mobile than gas burners. Polish that saddle. You'll need it.

You hate to see your girl in the heavy issue we get. Feel like a tramp.

Did the sergeant and his pals give us a ride? I guess we must have riled him. Anyway, he got revenge. About three o'clock this morning we were routed out of our bunks. Sergeant said, "Fall in behind me and march." It was pitch-black. We slogged along, seemed for hours, over rough back roads. A guy who was all in called, "Sarge!" No answer. No sarge. No corporals. They had all quietly turned back and left us tramping. Had a hell of a time getting back to camp, but we're good little boys from now on.

T. B. McG., Montgomery (McClellan).

The oldest gag, bucko. And still the best. You'll do, because you've got some humor.

All this recreation you read about in the papers is a joke. No ball fields or equipment, not even boxing gloves or basketballs, and no teams of anything. How come?

S. B. J., Newark (Dix).

Recreation Officer, 2d Corps Area, reports: "Getting 1,400,000 men settled in decent and healthy camps is so much job that sports must wait. Everything in full swing by May."

I think we should have some sort of dress uniform instead of just service stuff. You hate to see your girl or your family in the heavy winter issue we get. Feel like a tramp. How about giving us infantry blue, like the marines have their dress blues?

R. S. P., Los Angeles (Camp McQuaide).

All they can do, soldier, to get enough clothing to cover you up. If you really want to cut a figure, there are a dozen military tailors in your town, not too expensive either.

I read where a flock of cuties from some dancing school were going around to the camps and giving free lessons in the rumba and conga. When do they get here? Or are we just stepchildren in this army?

M. P. F., Chicago (Camp Grant).

That was a raw publicity gag, striker. Only happened in a couple of regular posts and not in the training camps. Forget it.

Four or five fellows from my home town were put in the same unit. I was assigned to another one, two or three miles across the camp. The fellows I'm with are O. K., but it seems unfair to separate me from my old buddies—to single me out for it.

M. P. D., Delaware (Dix).

Speak to your top sergeant. You'll probably be transferred. It is general policy to keep men from a town or district together.

Here's how

TO LEARN YOUR A B SKIS

BY SIG BUCHMAYR

FAMOUS INSTRUCTOR

TO CLIMB: Here are 2 methods. *At left*, the "Herringbone". Skis pointed with tips outward, edge in toward the hill. The climbing ski is lifted across the heel of the standing ski. Poles thrust behind. *Shown at top* is the "Side Step"— for ascending steeper grades. Skis are kept at right angles to the grade, edged.

ON THE LEVEL: Learn to walk on level ground to become used to your equipment. Keep skis parallel, close together (weight on both feet). Slide skis forward; do not lift them. Use poles. When the left ski is sliding forward, the right arm is pushing, and vice versa. Keep poles close to body.

Waxed skis whizzing over white snow! Breathless moments! Zestful thrills! Now our fastest-growing sport, skiing each year takes more and more Americans—grandparents as well as youngsters—to snow-carpeted slopes.

With very little practice, anyone can ski well enough to get around and have fun. Here are a few capsule lessons that may help you to get started *right*.

COMING DOWN: The body leans forward at right angles to the slope. Skis are parallel, close together. Knees bent to absorb shocks.

TURNING: Shift weight to ski which will be on inside of turn. Swing out heel of unweighted outside ski (toes together). Swing shoulders, then hips, in direction of turn. Transfer weight to turned ski; you will turn in that direction. Turn inside (now unweighted) ski to parallel direction. Keep knees bent.

TO STOP: Thrust heels outward; ski tips together; knees bent. Skis slightly edged; weight evenly distributed on both skis.

Here's how

TO LEARN YOUR WHISKEY A-B-C's

1 Sip Seagram's 5 Crown straight—savor the full-fledged flavor that's mild, *never* heavy.

2 Enjoy it in cocktail or highball—learn what a *marvelous difference* it makes in mixed drinks.

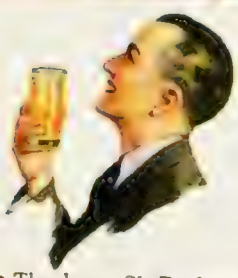
3 Consider the 83 years of Seagram fame behind it—the master blenders, the finest ingredients.

4 Compare Seagram's 5 Crown for value—it's the "more-for-your-money" whiskey *every time.*

5 Learn all about this popular-priced whiskey today. Wherever you buy, be sure to say...

Seagram's 5 Crown

THE BLENDED WHISKEY FOR EVERY DRINK



• Thank you, Sig Buchmayr—with those hints we'll heighten our skiing fun!

And after thrilling sport, we heighten our drinking pleasure—with that *better-tasting* whiskey...Seagram's 5 Crown! It's smooth as a ski run—light as a snow flake—and *priced right* for the budget, too.

Ask for it at bar or package store—today!

Here's how...

SAY SEAGRAM'S...AND BE SURE

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof. Copyright 1941, Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

What one German bomb did to a London office building.

A philosopher speaks his mind on the ways of war

REPRISALS AGAINST THE Germans:

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

I HAVE been asked if, in my opinion, the R. A. F. should continue to bomb Berlin at the expense of better purely military targets.

The demands for reprisals are only childish fits of temper which no serious soldier could take into account.

A policy of reprisal would mean that the enemy could always dictate our military operations by appropriate provocations.

It is part of the art of war never to fight when the enemy wants you to, if you can help it, and always to attack when and where he least expects and desires it.

As to the end of the question, there is no such thing as a purely military target.

Presumably a government building is a military target; but a German bomb aimed at one broke two of my windows and knocked a panel out of my hall door.

If we are all in the front line—as we shout at every opportunity—we are all military objectives.

Can anything be more ridiculous than to hear a Parliamentary orator on the wireless firing off a rousing peroration at the gallery against the German dastards who actually kill civilians, women and children, and while we are still thrilling with his eloquence hear the announcer begin the news with an account of how the R. A. F. has raised hell for two hours on the central railway station in Berlin, and on the Tiergarten?

The same questioner asks me if I advocate the indiscriminate bombing of Italian cities.

Why should I advocate what has already occurred? We began the bombing match over Turin and Milan. Why is it we cannot be accused of reprisals? Because we always get our blow in first.

Finally, I am asked:

"If the war should settle into an obvious military stalemate, would you consider an independent peace which left the British Empire free, but which ignored the overrun countries, preferable to a long-range bombing contest on civil populations?"

An independent peace would be a surrender. We should join Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, and France in ignominy and defeat.

Mr. Churchill would share the infamy of Marshal Pétain. The United States would be left to take on Germany and Italy singlehanded. And then the only question would be whether Russia would let the United States be beaten.

The way to end the bombing match is to drop leaflets telling the Germans that as they are killing only 233 of us per day it will take them 470 years to exterminate us, and it will take us longer to exterminate them.

Before that the war will have reduced itself to absurdity.

I suggest that if there are any further questions, you address them to Uncle Joe. Our destiny, and Mr. Hitler's, are in his hands if we come to a stalemate.

THE END

THE Infidel

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN Bennett Carley climbed the winding little street to the shop of the jewel merchant, Isred ibn-Japat, he found the latticed door locked. He was not surprised. Five times a day, he knew, Isred and his clerks closed the shop long enough to prostrate themselves in the *salat* and proclaim their devotion to Allah.

There was nothing to do but wait, so Carley leaned patiently against the wall—a tall man, prepossessing in spotless white drill. But it was hard to be casual. Today he planned to purchase the golden box, inlaid with rubies, diamonds, and amethysts, for the two thousand and one English pounds—all of them counterfeit—which he carried in his money belt.

His plans were all laid to leave India at once. He would take the night train to Bombay and tomorrow would sail for Surabaya. For when Isred took the money to the bank tomorrow, he would discover the truth. The counterfeits wouldn't deceive a teller.

Yes, Carley would have to get out of India. He had already booked passage under the name of Dean Coleman, a name that appeared on one of the five passports he kept hidden in the lining of his valise.

As for the jeweled box Carley planned to acquire, it was exquisite. "I myself do not own it," Isred had told him. "It belongs, sahib, to one of my clients who sells it with great sadness of heart—Sayyid Emrah Ben."

At the time the name had meant nothing to Carley. Since then, however, he had learned that the Sayyids were figures of profound religious consequence. It was a privilege even to deal with them.

The latticed door suddenly opened, and Carley looked around into the beautiful black eyes of Isred ibn-Japat—the eyes of a poet. The merchant revealed himself in white silk, a jewel shining in his turban.

"I regret you had to wait in the sun, sahib. It was the hour of the third prayer."

"Quite all right," Carley said.

When he entered the shop, the four clerks bowed in unison. But he looked beyond them, in surprise, at a patriarchal figure seated among cushions in a corner.

The man must have been at least eighty. He wore a robe whose whiteness matched that of his long hair and flowing beard.

"The Sayyid Emrah Ben," Isred said gently.

The Sayyid himself spoke English in a voice like the whisper of silk. "You will forgive an old man," he said, smiling sadly. "I wished only to see who was buying what I have so long cherished. Now I am reassured. You have the face of one who understands beauty."

Though he was disconcerted, Carley bowed with the grace of a diplomat. "Thank you," he answered.

"Perhaps," the old man sighed, "I sin against my family in selling such an heirloom. Yet the money will buy food for many who need it."

"There can be no sin," Carley said, "in obtaining money for the needy."

Isred handed him the box and he carried it to the latticed window. Shafts of sunshine fell upon the jewels that studded it and their sparklings brought excitement to his heart.

"Shall I send it to your hotel, sahib?" Isred asked.

"No need. I'll take it along."

As he returned the box, Carley drew out his money belt. Things were going perfectly, he felt. He counted the notes into the merchant's hands, and his fingers were as steady as his voice. He saw that Isred had no suspicions. The man placed the money in the drawer of a lacquered cabinet and began to pack the box.

Carley glanced at Sayyid Emrah Ben. The old man had lowered his head as if he were grieving for a loss. For an instant—an extraordinary instant—Carley felt a qualm of conscience. Touched by compassion, he yielded to an impulse. He put a friendly hand on the old man's shoulder and said, "God understands an act of charity."

What happened then he neither saw nor understood. He heard a gasp from Isred. One of the clerks sprang forward and seized his arm, wrenching it back. He pulled so violently that Carley staggered. His foot struck a cushion, he lost his balance completely and fell. His head struck a corner of the lacquered cabinet. . . .

WHEN he regained his senses, he lay on a divan in a rear chamber and Isred ibn-Japat looked down at him gravely. Carley raised an uncertain hand to his head; it was turbaned with a wet cloth.

"What happened?" he asked in bewilderment. "Why did your clerk jump at me?"

"Sayyid Emrah Ben," said Isred in tones that were brittle, "is a descendant of the Prophet. He is holy to us. You are an infidel. For an infidel to lay hands on a son of the Prophet is defilement."

Though he felt dizzy and his head throbbed, Carley sat up on the divan. He had no wish to argue. "Well, I'm sorry," he said. "I intended no disrespect. In a few minutes I'll be strong enough to go to my hotel—"

"That is impossible." Isred's tones hardened. "We did not wish you to bring charges against a clerk who meant no harm. So, while you lay unconscious, we called the police to explain what had happened. We had to tell everything. The English officer seemed interested mostly in the fact that you paid us two thousand and one pounds in banknotes. Most travelers, he said, would have used a letter of credit. He looked at the bills in some perplexity. Presently he lifted a few of them to the light of the window. . . . So I am afraid you will have to go with him. He and his men are waiting with Sayyid Emrah Ben."

Bennett Carley's face had become as white as the cloth around his head.

"The Sayyid finds it bewildering," Isred finished grimly, "to realize that the touch of an infidel—of all things!—was like a blessing; like the magic touch of Allah to save him from sustaining a great loss."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

READING TIME ● 35 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

During the eight months that ended with August, 1934, visible events of importance to Hitler's Third Reich were comparatively few: his "purge" of the Roehm-von Schleicher faction; the Austrian Nazis' putsch effort, with Dollfuss as victim; von Hindenburg's death. Mr. Dodd's private comments published in Liberty last week show exactly what he thought of Hitler, "an adolescent Austrian who has killed hundreds of opponents," as von Hindenburg's successor as President.

The clear-eyed Ambassador met with American pro-Nazis and propagandists, some of them mere dupes. Ivy Lee came to Berlin and coached Goebbels on how to get along with foreign press people. Later in the summer the Dickstein committee showed up Lee's paid service to Nazism—and after that his face reddened when he saw Mr. Dodd again.

Göring quashed Hitler's promises to Germany's harassed Protestants. Hitler said documentary evidence of Nazi work in America was "all Jewish lies." Goebbels' frothing, by its effect on American opinion, undid all the Ambassador had hoped he had accomplished toward a better international understanding. Secretary Hull cabled him to talk with the German Foreign Office about discrimination against American creditors. "What more can I say," he asked himself in his diary, "than I have said a score of times?"

Von Bülow let him know that Hitler had no intention of leaving near-by small nations independent. France's Ambassador "would not be surprised to be shot in the streets." Britain's Ambassador thought, and Mr. Dodd himself felt certain, that Hitler would gladly go to war if he had the power. And from reliable sources came more and more ominous reports of the power, the armament, that he was quietly developing.

AMBASSADOR TO

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF WILLIAM E. DODD

PART THREE
The Game France Was Playing

September 5, 1934. I heard another story of the intimacy of General von Schleicher and the French Ambassador all last winter. The informant, recently in Paris, says there is no doubt of the Ambassador's share in the Roehm plan to overthrow Hitler last June. I doubted any conspiracy, but felt sure there was political intrigue going on in the hope of overthrowing a regime which all Frenchmen think is aiming directly at the destruction of the French Republic.

The British Ambassador, as usual, asked me many questions today but gave no useful answers to questions about the Far East which I put to him. He attends the ceremony in honor of Hitler's "elevation" next week.

I understand the French and Italian Ambassadors are to be present.

An American Banker's Big Idea

September 7. Mr. Gannon, vice-president of the Chase National Bank of New York, lives in London, Paris, and Berlin, and tries to arrange loans of 4 per cent, of which there are now some six hundred million outstanding in New York banks. I told Gannon it was my opinion that Schacht would pay debts due the United States in order to continue exports, but would not even try to pay if exports direct to the United States were not greatly increased.

Gannon described a complicated scheme whereby loans might be continued with safety. He would present this to Schacht. He hoped I would write the State Department in support of his plan.

Hitler as Dove of Peace—

September 12. At twelve thirty I went in full evening dress to pay formal respects to the new self-made President, Adolf Hitler. . . .

The [Papal] Nuncio is the senior member of the diplomatic corps and it is his function to read the formal greeting on such occasions. When the corps, some fifty in all, were

A record of amazing yesterdays behind the scenes in Berlin and the U. S. A.

Hitler

Ambassador and Mrs. Dodd with Sir Eric Phipps, Britain's Ambassador, at a memorial service in Berlin.

properly arranged around the reception salon, Hitler, von Neurath, von Bülow, and von Bassewitz came into the room, and the Nuncio read his conventional document congratulating the enemy of Rome, political as well as religious, upon his marvelous success in assuming the place of von Hindenburg. There were some hints and warnings against war. . . .

Hitler replied in German, avowing his good will to all the outside world and his one objective: peace. When he finished he advanced in perfect form, bowed and shook hands with the Papal representative. When Hitler came to the Japanese ambassador, who stood on my right, he made a point of thanking him for his attendance at Nürnberg and for a speech which he said the Ambassador made. It was intended as a rebuke to the French, Italian, English, and Spanish representatives, and myself, who had declined to attend the show both this year and last. As the happy Führer extended his hand to me I reminded him quickly of the peace note in his speech to us, and said that it would be approved in the United States, especially by our President, who had asked me to say to him that these peace speeches always interested him. Hitler bowed pointedly and talked for a moment as though he were a pacifist, a type he always damns in his public statements. He seemed not to have understood my ironical meaning. . . .

—with His Party Bent upon War

September 19. I called on Dr. Schacht, on request of our Secretary of State. He said: "All the world is combining against us; everybody is attacking Germany and trying to boycott her." "Yes," I replied; "but, you know, the way to stop such things is not to arm to the teeth. If you went to war and won, you would lose more than you could gain. Everybody would lose." When he declared that the Germans are not arming so intensively, I said: "Last January and February Germany bought from American aircraft people one million dollars' worth of high-class war flying machinery, and paid in gold." He looked embarrassed and was about to deny it; but as he saw I was going to produce a document, he said: "Yes, I suppose you know all about it; but we must arm."

He then acknowledged that the Hitler Party is absolutely committed to war, and the people too are ready and willing. Only a few government officials are aware of the dangers and are opposed.

He concluded: "But we shall postpone it ten years. Then it may be we can avoid war."

I reminded him of his Bad Eilsen speech some two weeks ago and then said:

"I agree with you about commercial and financial matters in the main. But why do you not, when you speak before the public, tell the German people they must abandon a war attitude?" He replied: "I dare not say that. I can only speak on my special subjects."

He talked very disapprovingly of the Propaganda Ministry, which suppresses everything it dislikes. He added as I was leaving, "You know a party comes into office by propaganda, and then cannot disavow it or stop it."

I walked into the British Embassy. Sir Eric Phipps was in his office, and I talked fifteen minutes about the accumulating evidence in our office of Germany's intense war activity. He pretended to be surprised when I gave him the facts about German purchases of aircraft from the United States in the last six months.

I also let him know that Schacht had acknowledged to me the war purposes of the Nazi Party. My hope was to enlist him in a move to persuade his government to set up an investigation like that of Senator Nye.

A Feeler from Sir Eric Phipps?

September 26. The Belgian Minister called. It is plain that the Belgian and French governments are not in harmony; the English and Belgians seem closer together. He was very curious to know whether there is any prospect of the United States entering the League of Nations while Roosevelt is President. I could not give him any information, except that I personally favor American entrance and that I know Roosevelt did also from 1920 to 1930.

We talked a little about the importance of the Far East and the needful co-operation of the United States, England, and France in that region if world peace is to be maintained.

At the end there was a little evidence that he might have been trying to size me up for a report to the clever Sir Eric Phipps, the British Ambassador. Anyway, I had given no assurances of any attitudes in Washington.

Yugoslav King Killed in France

October 9. Luis Zulueta, Spanish Ambassador, and the one personal friend I have here in the diplomatic corps, a real personal friend, came to the office today to inform me that he had resigned. He said the new government of Spain is a combination of Fascists and Catholic reactionaries with the support of Mussolini and the Pope, an autocratic regime which he could not serve.

At seven o'clock Oechsner of the United Press called me at the house to say that the King of Yugoslavia had been killed in Marseilles a few hours ago. Barthou, the French Foreign Secretary, was in the auto with the King and was wounded. It was a shock, especially because the visit to France was for the purpose of binding France, Italy, and Yugoslavia into closer relations against Germany and Poland. . . .

A "Leak"—but at Which End?

October 11. I went to see Secretary von Bülow at twelve o'clock. The interest payment of about $2,000,000, due American creditors on October 15, had been ordered by Germany to be paid only to the extent of some 60 per cent. Washington asked me to demand more. No one could receive me yesterday at the Foreign Office. . . .

When I handed my aide-mémoire to von Bülow, he looked it through carefully and said: "Let me read you a copy of a cable we sent yesterday." The telegram, in German, expressed regret that no negotiations for a trade treaty had been agreed to in Washington last spring. It then informed Secretary Hull that about one million dollars in registered marks had been cabled over to New York on the 10th. Von Bülow said: "That is the best we can do and it meets the bondholders' demands." The marks will be transferred to America for the purchase of German goods or to travelers coming to Germany. . . .

I had the feeling the Germans had somehow learned the content of my aide-mémoire, delayed my interview, and sent the money to New York. Is there a leak in our office? Or did it get to the German Embassy in Washington?

The Reichstag Fired Again

October 17. Dr. Schacht came to lunch today directly from a Cabinet meeting at which Hitler exacted a new oath of loyalty to himself. It was announced that every Cabinet member was answerable solely to the Chancellor, that the Parliament or Reichstag had nothing to do with any of the business of government, and that Hitler was sole spokesman of the people.

At table he said: "The system of closed national barriers is suicidal. . . . We are excluding raw materials all the time and must in time be ruined if we cannot export goods. . . ."

Downing Street Hostile to U. S.?

October 18. William Hillman, Hearst International News Service, called to see me today. He reported: (1) Great Britain and Holland have a pact by which Holland's eastern border will be England's eastern border in case Germany goes to war with France, and the British army will enter Antwerp on its way to Germany. For this concession from Holland, Great Britain has agreed to protect Dutch possessions in the Far East against Japan. (2) Premier MacDonald is ill and must retire before long. Baldwin and Chamberlain are planning an election before that happens, if any excuse can be found. An election with MacDonald leading would give victory, and after that he would retire and Baldwin would be Premier. (3) Toward the United States the British government is increasingly hostile though not warlike, and there is no prospect of a pact with the United States.

Germany Had Cash for Arms

October 19. I visited Sir Eric Phipps and repeated in all confidence a report that Armstrong-Vickers, the great British armament concern, had negotiated a sale of war material here last week, just before a British government commission arrived to negotiate some plan with Schacht for payment of short-term debts due on current deliveries of British cotton yarn from Lancaster. It is impossible, Schacht said to me yesterday, to pay the British debts. Yet last Friday the British arms people were selling for cash enormous quantities of war supplies. And I was frank enough—or indiscreet enough—to add that I understood that representatives of Curtiss-Wright from the United States were here this week to negotiate similar sales. The British Ambassador pretended to be surprised. . . .

About a British-Dutch pact he knew nothing. Yet he said it might be. I believe he knows there is such an agreement but is not allowed to admit it. . . .

Our agricultural attaché who studies food conditions said to me today: "I would not be surprised if the German government seized the Swift stores of lard in and around Hamburg any day. There is no lard in Germany and none available. Swift & Co. has refused to take marks in payment."

Nazi Work in Austria

October 22. William Hillman came to lunch today. He had spent Sunday at Dresden with Hanfstaengl, who is the subject of much jesting in diplomatic circles, and with the Nazi Governor of Saxony. He reported that the Austrian consul general in Dresden avowed himself a Nazi and was proud of authoritarian Germany. My guess is that he has probably been bribed and is aiding the Nazis to force Austria into accepting annexation.

Hillman said the Governor of Saxony, a Hitler appointee, impressed him as a brutish man ready for any ruthlessness. Hanfstaengl seemed to him very much more clever than he had expected him to be. He told me that Hitler is about to offer England a pact under which each Power will agree not to attack the other with aircraft.

Dodd Wouldn't Intermeddle

October 25. Schacht asked me to see Hitler about the church issue here and advise him what to do. Two Lutheran bishops in South Germany are in prison because they refuse to submit to the Hitler idea of one faith and one single state, with complete unity and subordination of all youth to the Hitler religious view. Schacht added that "It hurts us more in America than our Jewish persecutions." But I said: "I can't talk to the Chancellor about internal affairs of this kind. It would be intermeddling." He added: "Von Neurath has argued for hours with Hitler about this, as I have done. But he is so surrounded by SA and Party men that he never seems to understand. You might do more than some of us." But I declined.

Göring Remapping Europe

October 28. At Hechingen, William and I lunched in a fair hotel on the main street. As I finished, I asked the host, who had just watched 2,000 Hitler Youth march past, whether he could give me a copy of a placard, issued by Göring's Air Ministry, on the wall near our table. It was a color map of Germany which called on all Germans to learn to fly and which showed in sharp colors the parts of the Baltic region, Poland, Denmark, and France that should be annexed. The man gave me a copy.

(Continued on page 26)

A record?...It's a miracle!

KINDRED SOULS, this high-jumper and Paul Jones Whiskey.

You see, we hoped Paul Jones would break sales records when we lowered the price less than two years ago. And Paul Jones not only broke all records—it went 'way beyond. *Its popularity leaped five fold!* Pretty definite evidence, don't you think, that people like a *dry* whiskey—a whiskey without a trace of sweetness.

For years before this—years when Paul Jones was an expensive whiskey—it had been prized by connoisseurs. They knew what a difference *dryness* makes in champagnes and sherry. And they knew also what a difference this keen, tangy *dryness* makes in a whiskey.

But we found that a lot of other people who appreciated *dryness* just as much, simply couldn't afford the expensive price of Paul Jones. So, without changing a single one of Paul Jones' expensive qualities, we deliberately made it a popular-priced whiskey.

We've told you the result. Paul Jones is today one of the fastest-selling, most popular whiskies in the country.

This fact, of course, is not complete proof that *you* will like Paul Jones. But it does suggest that until you try Paul Jones (and its price is so reasonable!), you can't be sure you're not missing exactly the flavor—*dry*, zestful, swell—that you've been looking for!

TRY DRY **Paul Jones** TODAY!

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

PAUL JONES IS NOW FIVE TIMES AS POPULAR AS BEFORE

(Continued from page 24)

I said: "Are you all learning to fly?" He said: "We have twenty good flyers in Hechingen and they have 2,000 in Stuttgart. All big business wants war; the common people do not." The speaker did not know who we were. . . .

Americans Hate to Get Up

October 30. My usual routine begins at nine thirty, the staff members and clerks trailing in after me. They think a diplomat should not enter his office until ten thirty or eleven, the clerks and typists coming at ten.

This is especially true of Americans here. The French and English begin at nine and continue until six or seven.

Hitler's Use for Russia

November 1. At six o'clock I returned the formal call of the new Soviet Ambassador, Suritz. He talked rather freely about Russian economic life and gave me an inkling of negotiations with Hitler in spite of the Nazi hatred of everything Russian. I believe Hitler is trying to negotiate a pact with the Soviets like that with the Poles, mainly to scare the French. I shall watch all signs.

Did Bullitt Know of This?

November 9. I learned that there are negotiations between Germany and Russia for sales of goods to Russia on a five-year credit scheme. To make a little more sure of this story, I sent for Armand Berard. He was not surprised and said he would let me know if he obtained further facts. As Bullitt has failed to make any real agreement about the Russian debt of $200,000,000 to the United States and is now on his way back to Washington, I shall press this case if I have an opportunity and wire information to the State Department. . . .

It all points to peace for a few years; that is, until Germany can be entirely ready to command Europe.

Goebbels Poisons U. S. Movies

November 12. The manager of the American Fox Film Company here came to the office to say that in a conference of film people in the Propaganda Ministry a few days ago he had been ordered to put unfriendly interpretations into American films presented in Germany. He had protested, saying that such propaganda would still further exasperate American public opinion. The German film officials replied they did not care what Americans thought or said of the Germans. He wished me to intervene in his behalf in case trouble came to him for not obeying orders. All I could say was that I would ask our Consul General Jenkins to do whatever the law or treaties allowed. I am expecting the Fox Film Company to be ordered out of the country, as some other companies are now about to be.

Göring Lays Down the Law

November 13. I went to hear General Göring address the Academy for German Justice, a kind of German bar association. On every desk in my part of the room there was a large envelope filled with beautifully printed pamphlets describing German grievances against the world, especially the Saar question.

Göring read an address which reemphasized the absolute dependence of every German citizen upon the Führer. There was to be no sort of resistance at any time. The speaker explained briefly the murders of June 30:

"We needed to have no indictments, proofs, or trials. We were killing enemies of the people. . . ."

At one place the fat general said heads will simply be chopped off if men do not obey the inspired Hitler and submit to his decrees. A good many of these statements did not appear in the printed copy when it came out in the papers. Since correspondents of the foreign press were not present, there was no likelihood of a sensation anywhere, and German judges and lawyers were instructed emphatically what they must do.

What a Lying Spy Said He Found

November 15. Consul General Jenkins told me that a clerk in the Propaganda Ministry had met one of the consulate clerks at luncheon today, had told him that Jenkins was as real an enemy of Germany as was former Consul General Messersmith, and had added that they had a copy of Jenkins' last report to Washington which proved the point. Jenkins had made only one report, and that at the request of the President. It was a survey of agricultural relief for the unemployed, and I had read it carefully. There was no criticism, simply a summary of all the reports made by Minister Darre, head of the Ministry of Agriculture.

It was certainly stupid for any one in Goebbels' office to reveal such a thing even if it had been true. It annoys a new and very important American official here, and it reveals an espionage which puts us all on our guard. . . .

England Warns, Hitler Shouts

November 30. At four thirty I called to see Sir Eric Phipps. He said: "I went to London Friday night, November 23. I spent Sunday the 25th in the country with Sir John Simon, the Foreign Secretary. He told me what was being planned for debate in the House of Commons for Wednesday the 28th, and Monday morning I sat with the Cabinet for an hour or more reviewing facts and circumstances here. I returned early on Tuesday the 27th with a memorandum to be presented to the German Foreign Secretary. I read the memorandum to von Neurath at twelve o'clock." Sir Eric then read the document to me. It was a positive warning to Germany on two subjects: the reported and accepted accounts of German secret arming, especially air preparations, and the effects of this secret and perpetual rearmament upon world opinion. The British Cabinet members were willing to have their views corrected by von Neurath if they were wrong. Sir Eric then said:

"I was asked to see the Chancellor at five the same day. I read him some of the items of the British document. After a moment he jumped up, ran about the room, waved his arms, and declared, 'All countries around me are arming; they have ten thousand airplanes, and yet they complain that we Germans have one thousand!' He went on shouting and fussing and von Neurath joined him. I came away not a little disgusted. Next morning von Neurath called and begged me to see him. I went to his office and he tried indirectly to correct the impression the Chancellor had made and especially to explain his own conduct. . . ."

I then asked Sir Eric about the possibility of a British-American agreement as to the Far Eastern naval problem. He said he had not had any reactions to that problem while in London, but was convinced our two countries could agree. In case Japan broke away and hastened her naval armament, England would not object to American increases of naval strength. This naval race looked foolish to him, but Japan seemed bent upon an imperialist program.

"Only What Is Useful Is Truth"

December 2. I received a report from Stuttgart which described a happening there on Wednesday, November 28. Alfred Rosenberg went to lecture to the South Germans on their loyalty to the sacred state: "No religion shall be permitted to weaken the hold of the state on the people. Only what is useful to Germany can be regarded as true, and we claim the absolute right to remold all things in Germany as they should be. National Socialists in Germany will form in the future a social order with all the holy mysticisms of the medieval age.". . .

This sort of talk is repeated almost every day by Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, Darre, Ley, and minor characters, never by university professors or preachers, except the Deutsche Christen people. . . .

A British Arms Saleswoman

December 10. A small party came to lunch. Norman Ebbutt of the London Times confirmed the report of mid-October that a British woman connected with Hitler's inner group was here just before the British negotiations on Lancaster debts, to sell war equipment for

Armstrong-Vickers. The British Ambassador "had not known about it," according to previous conversations. I am sure now the British staff members did know.

Come On, Let's Arm All Europe!

December 19. W. H. Hassen, representative of the Sinclair Oil Company, sat at table with us today. He sells oil products all over Europe, a very active clever business man, as I estimate him. . . .

He argued for American arming of all Europe and sharply opposed the reduction of American tariffs. Such is the view, I know, of many eminent business men everywhere: the Du Ponts of the United States, the Krupps and Thyssens of Germany, the Armstrong-Vickers people in England, and the Schneider-Crusot interests in France. It is the talk of Mussolini, whom Hassen regards as a great statesman. . . .

Colonel House Takes a Hand

January 17, 1935. I reached New York at eleven. . . . I had an engagement with Colonel House for luncheon. He talked a good deal about foreign policy: the need of American entrance into the League, of co-operation with England in the Far East, and of a means of coaxing Japan from her imperialistic drive against China.

I had my doubts about his Japan scheme, but he told me that the Ambassador from Japan was to see him tomorrow. I asked him to write me if Japan indicated a disposition to co-operate. He promised to do so.

House said he would try to see the President during the next month or two. He approved the President's statement that he might send an ambassador to Geneva as a beginning of our entrance into the League. . . .

Hearst-Goebbels Deal Rumored

February 1. At six o'clock I was with Representative Lewis, most courageous member of the House I know. He offered a day or two ago a joint resolution to the House to overrule the Senate decision against the World Court. He showed me his preliminary speech, and I told him a good deal about the German, Italian, and Japanese dictatorships and their menace to the whole modern world. He was much interested and said he would wage his battle the best he could. . . .

I also told Lewis that Hearst has been supporting and visiting Mussolini for five or six years. I gave him an account of the Hearst visit to Berlin last September and his reported bargain with Goebbels under which the German Propaganda Ministry is to have all the Hearst European news at the same time it goes to the United States. Lewis vowed utmost secrecy unless he could get the facts from somebody else. I took the risk in hope of rendering him some aid in his struggle.

You'll like yeast this new way

YOU'RE GOING GOOD TONIGHT
BEEN EATING YEAST AGAIN?
NO... DRINKING IT
AND LOVING IT! FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL IN TOMATO JUICE!

HERB: Yeast certainly did me a world of good, and I know it. But I couldn't learn to eat it. Didn't like the taste.
JEAN: Well, you can stay with it now and get *all* its benefits . . . and believe me there are plenty of them! . . . because it's delicious in tomato juice. Gives it the flavor of oven-fresh bread. Twice a day for me, and I feel better every week.

HERB: I believe you. You look better, too. Must be something in what the authorities say . . . yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex, that lots of us don't get enough of.
JEAN: Something? There's a world of good sense, and good feeling, and good results in it! Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night, and watch for that "riding high" feeling!

MASH... Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR... Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too ... whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

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A U. S. Senator Sold on Nazism

I drove to Georgetown to dine with Rexford Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. A certain well known senator was one of the guests. From the very beginning this senator attacked Roosevelt. He was angry with the President because he had not backed Senator Cutting, a former supporter of Roosevelt. He was also disgruntled because Roosevelt had not agreed with the Progressive group on huge appropriations which would have led to national bankruptcy. He claimed that he and Huey Long, the pirate of Louisiana, had caused Roosevelt's nomination in 1932.

The attitudes of this man were amazing. He talks like a National Socialist. He would stop trade with Europe. He advocated German domination of all Europe, our domination of the Americas, and Japanese domination of the Far East. He wishes to see England dominated by Germany, with Canada falling naturally to the United States. Most of the people at the dinner agreed with this big-business idea of three great world Powers uniting and dominating smaller peoples like the Poles and the Dutch. It seemed to be based upon hatred of England and France, on ignorance of the teachings of history, and on indifference to the cultural appeals of such peoples as the English, the French, and the Dutch, not to mention the great German intellectual element now so helpless.

I departed wondering whether they really meant what they advocated. But the senator must have been sincere when he persuaded Long to vote against the World Court idea about which Long knew nothing. I remarked that I would not speak to Long. He said: "We shall soon be shooting up people here, like Hitler does."

Huey Long, Would-Be Führer

February 6. I drove slowly down to Washington to lunch with the President. . . . I repeated in confidence the senator's statements at Mr. Tugwell's; but I did not give the senator's name. Roosevelt at once said: "It sounds like Senator X—." I did not say yes or no, though he had guessed right.

The President went on: "Long plans to be a candidate of the Hitler type for the Presidency in 1936. He thinks he will have a hundred votes in the Democratic convention. Then he will set up as an independent with Southern and Midwestern Progressives, Senator X—, and others. Thus he hopes to defeat the Democratic Party and put in a reactionary Republican. That would bring the country to such a state that by 1940 Long thinks he would be made a dictator. There are, in fact, some Southerners looking that way, and some Progressives are drifting that way. But Cutting of New Mexico wants the Presidency, too. He paid tremendous sums in order not to be defeated for the Senate last fall. He will divide the Progressives and perhaps defeat Long. Thus it is an ominous situation."

I then talked about German affairs, Hitler's attitude, and the possible return of Germany to the League of Nations. I added: "If the Senate had adopted your recommendation on January 30 the United States would have made this certain. The government's prestige would have been raised immensely and American commercial relations would have been greatly improved." He agreed but did not seem too regretful about the Senate vote. . . .

I told him Hearst had really done the stunt, and that I believed Hearst to be sympathetic to Nazi Germany. I told him I would send him proof of Hearst's deal with the Italian dictatorship when I got back to Berlin. He said he would be greatly interested. After a little talk about the waste of American diplomats (he said, "Since Theodore Roosevelt's time, rich men have injured the service by enormous expenditures") I bade him farewell and emphasized my hopes of his success.

I have the feeling, however, that I am in a position in Germany in which nothing can be done. Since the January 30 vote of the Senate, a minority of old-timers in it will insist on guiding American foreign policy.

Von Neurath Grows Solicitous

February 26. Today at twelve o'clock I was at the Foreign Office to pay customary respects to Secretary von Neurath. I gave him special greetings from Secretary Hull, and he was most cordial, more so than at any other time since I came here in July, 1933. I wondered if he had heard the rumor that I was not coming back to Berlin and that Washington would leave the position vacant indefinitely. . . .

Von Neurath was specially strong in his approval of President Roosevelt's plan of recovery, and fearful of the Senate's opposition, which he said was quite similar to the Reichstag behavior preceding the Hitler putsch. Von Neurath said he was afraid our political deals between one sectional interest and another, against real national interests, might cause the overthrow of democracy in the United States.

Japanese Designs on Uruguay

March 4. All our staff went with us to be presented formally to the new Japanese Ambassador here. The Minister of Uruguay, under some excitement, called me aside to say he had news of a Japanese commission in Chaco trying to buy oil lands and settle 80,000 families there. He asked me to wire Washington.

I was doubtful but listened.

When Hitler Sneezed at Simon

March 5. We dined this evening with von Bülow and a group of ten or twelve Germans. MacDonald, the British Prime Minister, had announced in a White Book yesterday that the German people were preparing their youth for war and that England must, therefore, arm to the limit of her ability. This so affronted Hitler that he contracted a deep cold and cabled Sir John Simon, Foreign Secretary under MacDonald, not to come to Berlin!

I remarked to von Bülow that I agreed that the English Prime Minister had made a blunder, but that if I had been the responsible official here, I would have met Sir John with a big official delegation at the railway station and given him a cordial greeting. Von Bülow looked nonplused for a moment and then replied: "I incline to agree with you; it would have compelled the British to apologize and be agreeable. . . ."

The Pope in a Tight Place

March 11. I drove out to Professor Oncken's. He told me that one of his students, an influential Party member, had violently attacked a book of his because of a description of the Cromwell regime which seemed to parallel the Hitler autarchy here. Rosenberg, the editor of the official organ of the Nazi Party, caused Oncken to be retired from his position as head of the history department in the University of Berlin. But the protest of university students was so nearly unanimous that Rust (Minister of Education) withdrew the recall for the rest of the winter semester. . . .

Curiously enough, the defeat of Rosenberg's reversion to German barbarism depends on the Roman Catholics' support of Lutheranism. The Pope is in a tight place. He must help Lutherans and Lutheran universities to save Catholicism in Germany. At the same time he must support Nazi philosophy in the hope of defeating Communism in Russia and checking the advance of Socialism in France and Spain.

Goebbels and Hearst Dicker?

March 15. I told President Roosevelt on February 6 that I was fairly certain that William Randolph Hearst was a sympathizer of Mussolini and Hitler, and promised to confirm my opinion if I received further proof upon return to Berlin. This is the story I have learned:

In 1924 Hearst had been violently opposed to the Mussolini dictatorship. He sent a clever Italian correspondent to Rome. . . . When the first of a series of articles reached headquarters in New York, Hearst sent another man to Rome to negotiate a deal with Mussolini by which Hearst would give him one dollar a word for anything he would dictate for the Hearst press. It was widely known that a Pacific Coast bank had loaned Hearst some millions of dollars and that this bank was in sympathy with Mussolini.

Thereafter Hearst newspapers all over the United States praised the Italian dictatorship and Mussolini received large sums of money. . . .

In the summer of 1934 Hearst traveled to Germany with a party of friends in several cars. He spent some weeks at Nauheim, and was reported to be strongly opposed to the Hitler dictatorship. It was a little after the June 30 murders. However, Hanfstaengl and Rosenberg made visits to him and early in September Hearst flew to Berlin. He had an interview with Hitler. Some time after the interview Hearst agreed with Goebbels to furnish him all the Continental news at the same time it went to the Hearst press in America, for which Hearst was to receive $200,000 a year.

The Goebbels official who made the contract demanded that von Wiegand and Knickerbocker, who has written a book on Nazi Germany and who is a world traveler and reporter for Hearst, be forbidden to re-enter the Reich. Hearst agreed that Knickerbocker should never come here again, but officials of the Reichswehr, who had never forgotten von Wiegand's relations with the Kaiser's regime and his friendliness during the World War, protested and his right to return was not denied.

"Like the Years Before 1914"

March 16. Today's German papers are full of violent denunciations of the French anxiety revealed in Premier Flandin's speech yesterday. Flandin's speech and French approval of the plan to increase the French army by doubling the term of each soldier's service were both replies to Göring's announcement last Monday of increased air training here for defense against bombing planes. . . .

A New York Times correspondent called to tell me that at five o'clock the German Propaganda Ministry officials had called in all the press people to inform the world that Germany had begun to reorganize the Reichswehr into a standing army of 400,000 to 500,000 men. This seems to have excited the press people, but the work has been going on for at least a year. This is the German reply to the French decision of yesterday. All this adds to the significance of the coming of Sir John Simon's visit on March 26. This is what von Wiegand says is a repetition of the events preceding 1914.

A French Lie About Dodd

March 21. Learning this morning that a French economic journal had published an article saying I had sent the President a twenty-page survey of Germany and predicted an economic collapse next April, I wrote a note to the French Ambassador asking if it were possible that Mr. Berard had given out anything like that. In the afternoon Mr. Berard came to the office and denied all responsibility for such a story. He had just returned from Paris and had not seen the sensational article. I was then convinced that he was not responsible. . . .

I gave a statement to the press people that I had sent no such document, and at six o'clock the Havas agency called asking for a statement to send to Paris. This I gave. I cannot imagine how this story got out, for it is said to have come from a French correspondent here.

Japan's Petted Envoy Struts

March 25. This morning the Japanese Ambassador called. He pressed me to call with him at the British Embassy and ask for an interview with Sir John Simon to learn what was being planned about the German navy and a possible Russian pact. I talked as agreeably as I could but declined an immediate answer to his request. I would not think of going with him on such a mission. It would make a sensation all over the United States.

It was clearer to me than ever that there is an agreement between Germany and Japan. The Ambassador spoke of dining or lunching with Göring, Goebbels, and other high Germans the last few days. He referred to them in a way showing personal vanity and satisfaction.

Dodd Certain Hitler Means War

April 4. I received a telegram from Secretary Hull asking whether war in Europe is imminent. . . . I decided to see Sir Eric Phipps. He happened to be free. In the conversation it was made clear that the visits of Simon and the young Eden had been of negative value.

Hitler had sat in the conference in his brown-shirted SA uniform, the others all in civilian clothes. Hitler made it clear he would not agree to the so-called "eastern Locarno pacts" or guaranties of existing boundaries between Germany, Poland, the little Baltic States, and Russia. But he said he would not go to war, only insist upon treaties being kept. As to the annexation of Austria, he vowed that there would be no German aggression. However, he insisted on the same right to send help to his cohorts there as the Italians had sent to theirs, both countries being engaged simultaneously in rival propaganda. As to Russian-German cooperation, Hitler said there was no possibility. . . .

One thing is certain: Hitler aims at war. When he will strike depends on preparations and a proper incident.

At twelve I sat down for a talk with von Neurath. I told him how general is the feeling in the United States that Germany aims to go to war relatively soon. He vowed there is no move toward war. He pretended great concern that Mussolini should have almost doubled the strength of the Italian army by recent orders, also that Mussolini should have published a statement two days ago demanding the encirclement of Germany and blaming England for not uniting with France and Italy to make it possible. "In spite of them," he said, "we shall have a general peace agreement within a few weeks." I inferred that he meant the coming conference at Geneva, where the League chiefs are to meet on April 15.

I reminded von Neurath that all Germans seem military-minded, that all their public demonstrations are in full war equipment. I also said that Germany circulated, widely, maps which show that the Nazi leaders demand the annexation of border countries. He said these were published by irresponsible people. "But," I said, "they bear Göring's name." He said it meant nothing as to German foreign policy. . . .

The conversation convinced me that perhaps all the higher officials of the Foreign Office are fully aware of the dangers of Hitlerism and press for their points of view in vain. Hitler really aims to annex all these areas and will in time go to war for that purpose.

I came away without any valid assurances, just as I left the British Embassy without being convinced that England was doing anything but playing politics. Perhaps that is all the present government in London can do. Lloyd George is playing a clever game and radical Labor is always strongly pacifist. . . .

At four thirty I sat down to get the reactions of the French Ambassador. Without telling him that Washington had wired about the danger of war, I pressed for his opinion as to the possibilities of the Stresa conference on April 11. He at once revealed the French exasperation at the English procedure of the last month. He was not sure what Mussolini and the French Foreign Minister, Laval, could do, except to agree on encirclement of Germany as the only means of keeping the peace and then put the agreement before Sir John Simon. Then he said the English would refuse and another adjournment would follow, leaving Germany free to arm.

He said he did not think Hitler would precipitate war, but only because he is not yet ready. "We shall not have war the next year or two unless some break comes over Austria, Danzig, or Czechoslovakia. Then Hitler would persuade the whole German people to march again. If England won't join us now there is going to be war. . . ."

In the fateful weeks that followed came the Stresa conference, further defiance by Hitler of the League and "encirclement," and plain signs that Mussolini was going to invade Ethiopia. Of all this the world learned something at the time. How much more it meant to an American insider, the Ambassador whom Hitler never fooled, will appear next week, amazingly and absorbingly, in Liberty's presentation of the Dodd private diary.

THE Surf Club job was exceptionally good pay. Chris Bryant kept an eye on the kids, and said "Good morning," and carried canvas chairs, and rammed umbrella sticks into the sand. Then he stood around, and the women sprawling in bathing suits, looking out from under the red and green umbrellas, got Chris Bryant pretty bad. But he had Sarah Retwick to think about, and he stared out to sea. He rubbed grease on himself so he could grow skin as fast as it peeled off.

"Rub this lotion on yourself," Miss Stedman told him. "It will make you like bronze."

"I don't care to be like bronze," he said. "I'm just trying to keep my skin. It's about all I'm wearing these days."

He took an uncomfortable look up at the cliff where they were setting up the pedestal for the monument. An enclosure of posts and burlap blocked off the public, and only Miss Stedman and the sculptor could go in and out. She couldn't wait for the day when Shelter Point would discover the man on the monument was Chris Bryant and the Surf Club would discover he was *their* life guard. But Chris knew what was coming, the way Miss Stedman couldn't. He was uneasy for the first time in his life; he was nervous because he knew Shelter Point.

His mind drifted back to Sarah Retwick, where it was before Miss Stedman interrupted him, and he got to thinking how much he could be doing on that house he was building if he wasn't standing here doing nothing, and how he would finish nailing the sideboards on before dark tonight.

Then the Coast Guard truck went by, and Chris' daydream was broken by a jeer and a hoot, and he winced. The boys gave him the raspberry. Before the Surf Club job, Chris Bryant was one of the few fellows in Shelter Point who never went near the sea. He was a landsman. They called him Easy Bryant. He was a blacksmith by trade, so he was wide open to it.

When the Warrant Officer was driving down in the truck, of course the boys piped down. "Guess you wish you had that job," the Warrant Officer kidded them. It came over him that he had let Easy in for something, sicking that sculptor on him. "I wish I had a fellow like that; I wouldn't worry about his changing the keys on me," he went on. "When he went out in a northeaster, I'd know he wasn't sitting behind a dune having a chew of tobacco."

The fellows laughed to show they were taking the kidding, but they didn't talk back to the Warrant Officer. All the same, Easy was getting on the Warrant Officer's conscience. He saw now what was ahead for Easy.

The next morning he drove by the Surf Club alone, and he stopped and spoke to Chris. "How about coming into the service, Easy? Have you thought about it?" he said. "You're kind of in the service already. You're going to be on the monument."

"This is good money while it lasts." Easy shifted on his feet. "I'm building a house; I want to live in my house if I can."

"Getting married," the Warrant Officer said. "Well, I married, and I stayed in the service. It works out all right. Think it over." The Warrant Officer rolled away over the sand on fat bulging tires. Marguerite Stedman wondered what the Warrant Officer meant, talking to her life guard.

SARAH RETWICK worked at the bank, and that was how Easy Bryant had got a girl and a bank account at the same time, which sometimes happens. He always waited until Sally came to the window.

"You want this to go in your account, Chris?" She looked at the sculptor's name on the check.

"No; I'm putting it into lumber. I'll take the money."

"You want a ride uptown?" she asked, like he figured. "Bring the car around, will you? Here's the key."

Chris enjoyed being seen waiting in Sally's car. You couldn't talk to her downtown here, though; she was always speaking to some one else. Here she came now, stepping out quick.

"Well, Easy, what's your job now?" Sally asked. This was back just before Chris Bryant had the Surf Club job.

"I'm working for that sculptor. I'm posing."

"You got a permanent job?" Sally inquired. "Posing can't last long. You can't build a house on that."

"I'm starting."

"What are you posing for, Easy? I thought that sculptor was doing the monument."

"*I'm* the monument," Easy said in a low voice. "You're not to tell anybody."

"Why, it's the monument for Captain Thowles." Sally looked at him.

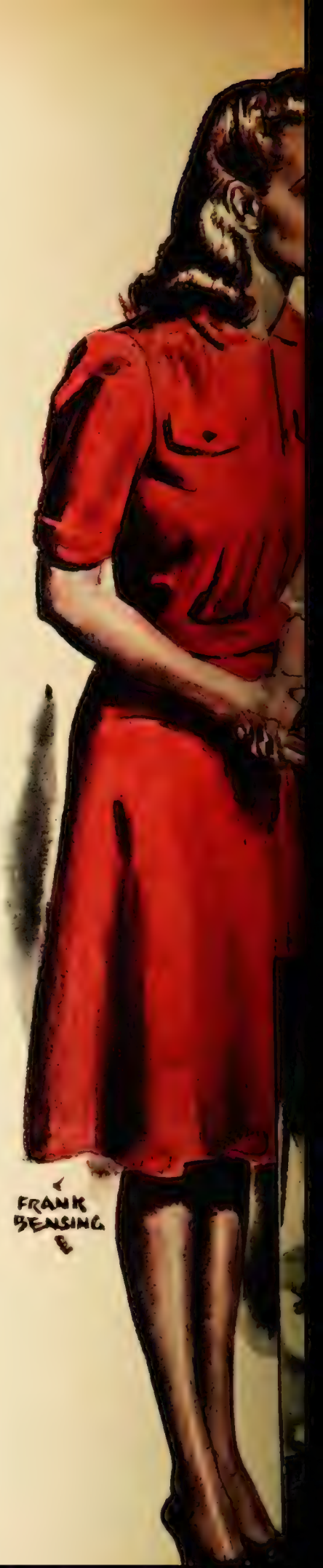
"I can't help what it's for. It's me. I'm going to be on it. The sculptor said Captain Thowles was a thin little man, judging by the photographs. He just wouldn't do. I represent the Coast Guard, I guess, looking out to sea. I got pants on but I haven't got a shirt. He's doing me first without pants; they go on later. I'll be glad of that. Do you think they're going to kid me?" he asked. "I'm not a coast guard. I know I've made a fool of myself. I see it coming."

"Well, I won't tell anybody," Sarah said. "I won't spoil the surprise."

Easy drove out to his acre. The lumber he had ordered this morning—the sills and studding—was piled up beside the foundation of his house.

"Looks like business," Sarah said.

"I mean business." Easy cleared his throat. But it was only a cellar



"Is the town all washed out?" Chris asked. He pulled himself together and sat up.

BY FREDERICK WIGHT

Sally and the STATUE

She loved a boy who had to be a hero!
The vivid story of a strange romance

then, and he couldn't say anything. "I got a new job to pay for it when the posing's over." He got his breath again. "I'm going to be the life guard at the Surf Club."

Sarah looked at him kind of funny. "Miss Stedman runs the club, doesn't she?"

"As far as I know," Easy nodded, "she runs all she can. I don't know how it happened. You see, she comes around the studio a lot—that's the barn where I pose. She comes and takes photographs. Yesterday she brought a pad and campstool and began to make sketches of me."

"And then she hired you for the Surf Club?"

"That's a fact. So you see I'll have two jobs now." Easy changed the subject. "I'm posing from six till ten, and then I go to the shore. I can afford the lumber."

"Does that man like to get up and work at six in the morning?" Sarah asked.

"Well, he's a friend of Miss Stedman's, so I guess he has to, now she wants me for the club. You see, she's giving the land for the monument. Or she's making the Surf Club give it. So I guess the sculptor has to be reasonable."

"Why, Captain Thowles' widow left the money to put the monument opposite the church!" Sarah exclaimed. "I've seen the will at the bank."

"Is that what it says?" Easy asked.

"It says 'in a public place' and she expresses a preference for the park," Sarah recollected.

"Well, if Marguerite Stedman has a finger in it, she'll wear the monument on her hat," Easy said. "She's been coming here for a good many years and she's hard to beat."

Sarah Retwick looked thoughtfully at Easy.

"It's kind of nice in here," Easy said. "You look nice against those trees. Don't you think it's going to be nice?" He got out of the car.

"Yes, it's nice here."

"Marguerite Stedman is going to unveil the statue. I heard her and the sculptor talking it over." Easy looked hard at the lumber. "Do you think that's going to make a fool out of me?"

"You've got as much right on a monument as anybody around here," Sarah said. "Don't forget I said it."

"Are you doing anything this evening?"

"I have a date. But I'm not doing anything now."

"Well, I've got to get at this lumber while it's daylight," Easy said. "I'll be working here till dark all summer."

Then Sarah looked at him more thoughtfully than she had yet. "I won't stop a man building a house." She started the car.

"While you're at it, would you mind having a try at this can of sardines?"

AS fast as Easy could afford it he bought more lumber, and this was about as fast as he had spare time to nail the studs together between supper and dark. He didn't have to keep telling Sarah how things were going. She was at the bank. Not that things were as far along yet with Sally that he had to have a house ready. She was a difficult and particular girl.

But Easy hit on the trick of letting the house talk for him, and now he and Sarah were getting along swell. It is unfair to Sally to say she was different just because Chris was building. Somehow Chris was getting built up along with the house, and she felt the difference. Chris noticed that she kept track of every stick he nailed on.

The evening of that day the Warrant Officer asked Easy to join, he got the sideboards on like he planned. The window spaces were all there, and the partition studding was up, so Sarah could see the rooms. Chris was showing the place to her. It was deep dusk inside, the windows were golden with afterglow, and a warm resinous smell came out of the pine trees.

"Well, this is the kitchen." In the dusk she looked floating and silvery and it made Easy catch hold of a beam.

"You going to like it?" He had put it this way before, asking her if she was going to like this and that.

"You think that's clever." Sarah laughed suddenly. "You think I'm marrying the house?"

"I'm trying to fix it so you'll take it." All along he knew Sarah would come into line if he just gave her her head. Now it was unbearable, but he still held back, trying not to breathe, and he felt as if he were drowning.

"Well, Chris"—she stretched her arms straight up over her head—"you keep nailing on the boards and I guess I'll be inside of them. You certainly do take things easy. I can see how they named you." She came over to him and put her hands on his shoulders, and she didn't have to bring them far down to do that.

"Let's go in the living room." She got her head free. "Let's go in and sit on the sofa."

"There's nothing but a keg of nails," Easy said.

"That's all right. You sit on the keg. That's your monument. How's this for a group?"

"There isn't any one like you in Shelter Point or anywhere else." Easy held her on his knees.

"Well, you got a good chance to look 'em over at the Surf Club." Sarah ran her hand through his hair. "I don't know how I managed to beat that out."

"Sally," Easy said uncomfortably, "this monument business scares me. I wish it had never happened."

"That'll be all right." She kept on with his hair. "Why shouldn't you be on a monument? How do they know what puts a man there? You're not through yet, are you? If any fellow in this town has a running chance for a monument, it's you, Chris Bryant."

For a second Easy felt himself like bronze. "It's that Surf Club job." He shook his head. "Kind of nursemaid's job. They're going to kid hell out of me."

Sarah got off his knees. "Let's drive to the cliff," she said.

Cars were parked here to look out at the moonlight. Out at sea the Southeast Beacon flashed. Light dresses, white flannels sauntered and gleamed in headlights. The monument was a dark formless enclosure of burlap. Sally got out of the car. She went up to the burlap screening, tugged it loose and slipped through.

"You can't do that." Easy followed her. "Hey, Sally, come out of there!"

"Come here," Sally called from inside. "Whose man do they think it's for?" Nothing would do but Easy must heave himself up there on the pedestal.

"Now stand like you're going to." Easy had to get in the pose for a second, but he kept hearing the voices outside. He was afraid Marguerite Stedman would come pushing in.

"Let them laugh," Sally said.

CHRIS BRYANT had another job that was important to him for the evenings that he didn't see Sarah. He had a little pamphlet on Swimming Made Easy, and after dark he went down to the beach to try out the strokes the way they were in he diagrams. He had grown up just pushing along with a side stroke, and the way some of the kids at the Surf Club cut through the water made Easy ashamed.

These nights he took off by himself and practiced until he could flutter his feet and get used to going through rough water with his face down and his shoulders out. He got used to breathing like a porpoise, remembering about the air once in a while. There was something steady and exhilarating about swimming that suited Easy, that fitted him like the water. He was away from everything and the water seemed to have respect for him.

Only the image of Sarah appeared to swim beside him. They had never been swimming together, but now at night, when he was alone offshore beyond the surf, he felt full of power, and he felt Sarah's presence even more than when he was with her. It seemed to him he could go on forever with the sound of the water curling over.

The beacon off Shelter Point flashed and hammered away by itself. The tide ran angrily by the buoys, so that it spurted a wake at half flood and half ebb. Easy swam out to where he could see the light brilliantly and hear the mournful clank of the bell. He was going with the tide when all at once the light was blazing overhead and the bell clanging loud. The sound excited Easy, and he made the buoy before the tide took him by. He caught ahold from the downcurrent side. He yanked himself up, barking his shins on the barnacles, while the hammers crashed haphazard on the bell. He stood up, holding on. The iron float rocked and lurched. He could see the lights of the town far off ashore, and the light pulsed above his head.

The beacon was on the inner edge of the ship channel. Easy stood there watching a passenger steamer coming right toward him. All at once the insidious notion of standing on a monument came back to him and he plunged into the sea.

Ed Sanders, junior surfman, reported to the Warrant Officer. "I was coming along the beach and I saw a man coming out of the surf. I ran down to him, spotting him with a flash, and it was Easy Bryant. I says to Easy, 'What the deuce are you doing swimming this time of night?' He was all out of breath. 'You all right?' I asks him. 'Yes,' he says, panting; 'I'm all right.' I tried to help him but he didn't want it. He sat down, and he didn't want a coat either."

"You people haven't been very polite to him, maybe," the Warrant Officer said.

"I said to him, 'Don't you know this tide can take you offshore, you poor fool? Haven't you sense enough not to swim in the rip tide at night?'

"'I don't mind the tide. I walk back up the beach,' he says, getting his breath back.

"'But it can take you offshore,' I impresses upon him.

"'I've been offshore,' he said. 'I been out around the beacon. It isn't the first time.'"

"It's a pretty good swim out around the beacon," the Warrant Officer said to Ed Sanders and the other fellows standing around. "There ought to be some recognition for a stunt like that." He almost let the cat out of the bag, but he decided to wait.

IT was Marguerite Stedman who stood up to unveil the statue after the selectmen got through Dedicatting and Paying Tribute. Coastguardmen from half a dozen stations were there, drawn up in formation. The town band was there and the Sea

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Scouts. The Warrant Officer waited to see Easy Bryant come out from under the sheeting. The summer people and the townspeople mixed together like flowers and vegetables in a New England garden.

Miss Stedman said a few vibrant words about heroism and the pitiless sea, and wondered where Chris Bryant was. Sally Retwick stood there, feeling proud and somehow angry. "Come on, Easy," she whispered at the monument.

The bronze figure burst out of the cocoon that Marguerite Stedman tore away. Faces looked up, half of them squinting against the sun. At first the townspeople were puzzled. Then they recognized him. The numerous kin of the Thowles family were furious at once. The Surf Club members knew Easy, as Marguerite Stedman had delightedly foreseen. The coastguardmen looked at each other and spoke out of the side of their mouths. A thin astonished sound, "Easy, Easy Bryant," mumbled like low surf. "*Why* Easy Bryant?" The coastguardmen were mad already.

When the Coast Guard truck lurched over the sand heavily laden with its complement, the men looked out for Easy. They weren't in their good-natured kidding mood. The Warrant Officer said nothing. He regretted what he had done to Easy. He let the men grumble away their spleen. When they got back to the station, Ed Sanders came in from his trick at the lookout. "There's a man swimming in this way, coming from out by the beacon. I picked him up with the glasses."

"How far out?" the Warrant Officer snapped.

"About half a mile now. He's inside the rip."

"He'll be all right. I could do it once." The Warrant Officer went down to the shore to speak to Easy when he came in through the surf.

"THE Warrant Officer is right," Sarah said to Easy that night. "You better get in the Coast Guard. That's the best way to keep people from turning sour on you."

"I don't want to; I want to live home with you," Easy said.

"Come and sit in the living room while I talk you out of it. You just feel that way now, and it's sweet, but you'll feel different when we're married."

"I'm going to finish the house, if it's the last thing I do." Easy sat on the nail keg. "I won't join till it's closed and shingled. And I'm through with the Surf Club. That's over."

"All right," Sarah said; "finish the house. But people are going to be sour till you join up."

"And then some," Chris said. "You ought to hear 'em now when they go by in the truck. When I go there and join I'm taking a pile of old horseshoes along."

"Take it easy—why aren't you Easy any more? Shelter Point hasn't got to know you yet."

"It's had all the time it wants," Chris said. "It's taken all the time I've had yet."

"It's not your fault if you aren't the man on the monument," Sarah told him.

"But I don't *want* to be one—don't you understand? That isn't like me."

"I don't know," Sarah said. "You keep on with the house."

Chris Bryant worked on by himself. He mortgaged the house to finish it, and lived by himself, keeping out of people's way and pretending he was deaf. When there was a fire in the house and smoke in the chimney, he went and joined the Coast Guard, being still single. And the next day he and Sarah got married and he put on a storm door.

I wonder how he's making out, Sarah Bryant thought, waking up alone. I guess talk won't hurt him any. When he came home the first time, she looked him over and he didn't have any bruises. "Well, your skin's holding together. I guess you're all right."

IT was the equinoctial time of year when the first fall comes suddenly; when the town shakes itself free of the busy idling resort life and becomes one family again. Then the beach is swept stark of such things as umbrellas, the sand is clean as a deck, and the sea lifts itself and becomes brittle as flint.

The Warrant Officer executed his orders to set the Southeast storm signal. The breeze strengthened and the sand began to drive against the windows. When daylight was gone, Easy Bryant took up the clock and his costons (flares) and turned up his collar. "No night for swimming," Ed Sanders grinned, and the men in the messroom looked up, glad it wasn't their patrol. Easy opened the door and went out.

"Break him in," said Ed Sanders.

"Looks like a stiff night," Steve Johnson said. "Be over by morning."

The door burst open again and Lew Anderson came in. He was on duty at the lookout. "I can't see the Southeast Beacon."

Every man got to his feet at once.

"Go back there where you belong." The Warrant Officer hurried out to make sure.

He came back and phoned headquarters. "The lines are out somewhere to the west of here," headquarters answered. "Be prepared for a hard blow."

"Can't get a man out there tonight," the Warrant Officer said, "and the City of Salem comes through the slew around ten o'clock." He considered setting flares from the shore, but he decided it would confuse the vessel. The men moved restlessly, looking out windows, discussing the construction of the beacon and what could have happened to it—whether it had gone adrift or been rammed or just gone out.

Easy Bryant was a mile down the beach. The tide was already high three hours ahead of the flood, and long white seas drove him in to the edge of the dunes. The seas were not as heavy as the wind yet; they rushed in, confused and churning. Easy kept his face sideways to the driving sand. He thought he saw a boat in the surf. He ran down, and the water was about his knees. A dory lifted in the white water, swept up the beach, stranded, and overturned in the next wave, spilling the men out.

Easy was struggling to help. Four or five men floundered to their feet.

"All right, are you?" Easy asked.

"Sure we're all right. Southeast Beacon is out. We struck the bar," a man answered.

"Who are you? Anybody lost?"

"Nobody lost. We're a trawler—just a little trawler," the man said sarcastically.

"Can you walk to the station?"

"We can walk if we can row." The skipper looked over his men. "Glad to walk again, ain't you?"

"Help me turn this dory up and empty it," Chris said. "I need it. I'm going out."

This was the story the trawler's men told when they reached the station. The Warrant Officer sent all hands down to the beach. He was thinking about Chris. The damned fool! The skipper admitted they hadn't helped Chris launch the dory. "We was too all in."

"OUGHT to have known better," Ed Sanders growled to himself. "We'll be going out after him?" He turned to the Warrant Officer.

"Nobody can find a buoy on a night like this." Each man felt Easy Bryant was as good as gone. They felt the pang of it, and the Warrant Officer thought: I'm responsible. But still he didn't order out the boat.

Chris was downwind from the beacon and the bell. He heard the hammer knocking inside the sound of the water and the wind. This was all luck, like everything else that happened to Chris. He rowed mightily for the sound with all the strength he had left, and the hammer blows came near, and they were blacksmith blows in his ears. He saw the ironwork overhead as the water pushed it up into the sky. He brought the dory against it, crashing into the heaving body of the buoy. He got ahold of the ironwork. When the dory dropped out from under him, he held onto the lurching iron and he held onto the dory's painter. He got a footing as the water broke around him, and then the buoy boosted itself out of the sea again. The painter came taut and ripped through his hand as the dory broke away and eased off inshore. He climbed and breaking water passed under him. With his back to the wind, he felt the Coston flares secure in his jacket. He touched the lantern on the top of the beacon and wondered why it was out. And all the while the bell clashed fiercely beside him and his iron perch reeled headlong in the sea.

Then at last the big wind came in out of the sea to show it had been

only amusing itself before. The water began to lift in the low-pressure area and flowed in over the beach. It poured against the foot of the cliff and surged over the Point, cutting it off from the mainland. It rushed into the low-lying harbor part of the town and broke against the cottages and houses along the front. People got their cars out of their flooded garages and drove to higher land. Voices screamed, "Look out!" as the elms crashed into Main Street. The men from the trawler thought how lucky they were to have struck when they did. The coastguardmen moved back from the grinding surf that flooded about the dunes. They thought of the toll of wreckage and of the people in the town, and Chris Bryant was submerged in the general alarm of the storm.

The Warrant Officer saw he had been right not to send the men after Chris. At one moment he caught the beaded lights of the City of Salem. And helplessness swept through him after all these years of vigil. Then he saw the red flares of a coston out where the beacon should be, and it lit a flare within him like a star exploding in the universe-night. It was a miracle, and yet there it was. He saw the searchlight of the steamer grope with its blue arm. He saw the other coston send up its red glow. The men on the bridge of the City of Salem saw the coston. The ship was right on her course, and there was the beacon, after all. They saw a man clinging to the top of the beacon, all red in the red light. They threw over life preservers to him and kept on through the slew, picking up the occulting spark of the lightship.

Chris Bryant watched the ship tower and go by. He saw the men when they threw life preservers, running along the brilliant deck. He saw water sluice the deck and stream over the side in a waterfall. Water burst about him, the coston died. The ship's lights shrank together. The drive of wind and sea submerged him in exhaustion. Clinging with his legs, he tore out of his coat. Clinging with one arm, he got out of his trousers and his shoes. Then he dived into the black sea and began to swim.

He swam with the sea behind him. At first he swam easily; he was numb and he felt wearily at ease. Then he sank in a grind of air and water and sand. The gulp of air that he needed was all salt froth and his chest was bursting. There was no surface to reach. Once more he knew he was on the surface and the water flailing over his head. Terror flooded over him. He drowned and fought in terror, blindly, in the blind night. He had an easy stretch, and then another bar sucked him into the churn again. The following tide took him clear over the beach in one boiling rush and he did not know it. He had been struggling so long he was beyond thinking, but he felt there was some one else swimming beside him. At last his leg struck against something hard—a spar, a piece of wood. The shock made him shake his head clear. He knew he was swimming freer; his muscles rallied; but he could not think where he was or what had happened. His hands tried to close on fine branches. He was washed into the lee of a building. He came up against a tree and clung to it. The water sucked out from beneath him and for a minute he imagined he was still on the beacon. Then auto lamps cut the dark and he saw houses all about him. He was in the town. Houses were tumbled together at strange angles, but he could not tell this. The great tree was lying down and its branches made shelter.

The water returned and swept up to him and he let go his hold. The water shoved him toward the roof of a garage, and he held onto the edge of the shingles with all his might while the water sucked away. He dropped to the ground and waded. He got to the upper street before the water rose again. He walked drunkenly, driven by some other strength than his own.

He never knew how he found his way to his own house. There was no one there at first, and he tried to find a light. He called, "Sally, Sally!" Later Sally was there, holding a lamp and bringing something to his lips. His tongue burned. He was lying down and he thought he was drowning. He opened his eyes wide, and saw the lamp and Sally again. He drew himself up on an elbow and glared about the room and saw the green-gray daylight of the window square.

BY noon that day, when the hunt was over beyond any doubt of life or death, the Warrant Officer made one more effort. He went out to see Sarah Bryant to tell her Chris was drowned. He felt he should tell her himself—tell her he was responsible for Chris, and for the City of Salem.

"You want to see Chris?" Sarah opened the door against the dying wind.

"Is he here?" The Warrant Officer looked bewildered, for he was dog-tired too.

"Come in here," Sarah said.

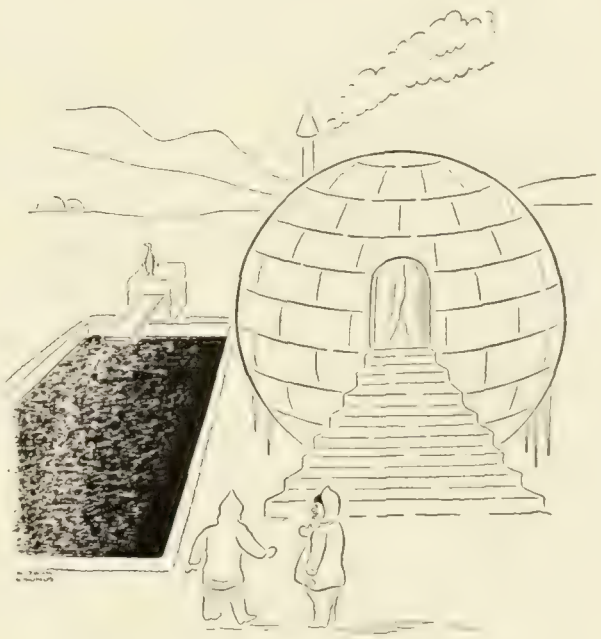
Chris was lying on three chairs by the kitchen stove. Sarah had blankets over him.

He looked up dully at the Warrant Officer.

"I thought you drowned."

"Is the town all washed out?" Chris asked.

The Warrant Officer nodded. Easy pulled himself together and sat up.



"Nanook was in Hollywood last year."

"I saw your costons set off last night," the Warrant Officer said excitedly. "I'll report that. I want to hear about it. It didn't help, though. The City of Salem's life preservers came ashore."

"They were chucked over for me," Easy said. "City of Salem's all right, I guess. I saw her go on."

"Wires are down; we couldn't know," the Warrant Officer said.

Suddenly Easy jumped up and went to the door. "You can see the water from here." He looked over the hill where the wind had harvested the trees. "All those summer places along the front are clear gone."

"That's God's truth," the Warrant Officer said.

Mad joy came into Easy's face. "That monument!" he cried. "That must have gone too."

"Oh, no, no," the Warrant Officer answered. "That's there all right. That's bronze and granite. We thought, you see—I got to tell them. But everybody's glad your monument's there. They took comfort in the man on the monument."

THE END

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SOON you'll be getting back to earth again if you are a garden girl. Last week I met a man whose books are real gardening guides to many thousands of you—because they're *seed catalogues*. He is David Burpee, head of the W. Atlee Burpee Company, world-famous Philadelphia seed growers. I hadn't realized how vital the seed business is, internationally, until I talked with him. With Holland, Denmark, Belgium, France completely out at this time as sources of seed supply, the shortage already is worse than that of 1914-18. England now buys all the vegetable seed we can spare. Import of flower seeds into England is no longer permitted. . . . Mr. Burpee discussed a happier topic: His choice offerings this spring will be the new Wildfire single marigold and the Idabelle Firestone double marigold, the latter named for the widow of tire magnate Harvey Firestone. Our country, in general, needs a garden flower that can stand severe summer heat. Marigolds are best, but some people don't like their smell. C. D. Holton, an American missionary, discovered an odorless marigold growing wild in northwestern China, near the Tibetan frontier; sent half an ounce of seed to Mr. Burpee, inquiring whether $25 would be too high a price. Mr. Burpee gladly remitted $250, and the Rev. Mr. Holton has since become one of his most valued field agents. . . . The sweet pea used to be America's garden favorite, but a disease has weakened its resistance to summer heat. Years ago, when David Burpee was a prep-school boy, his father promised him $1,000 if he could find or breed a yellow sweet pea. He never did. Recently a rich amateur lady gardener asked him why he couldn't do it by dyeing the roots yellow.

Mr. Burpee replied, "Lady, if you dyed a white cat pink, would you expect it to have pink kittens?"

☆ Three hundred years ago the Burpee family came here as religious refugees from France. Appropriately, their French name was Beaupré, which means beautiful field. Now they plant hundreds of garden acres, for seed, in California and Pennsylvania. Amid all this cultivation, David Burpee's pet spot is one field where he lets the *weeds* grow wild. Says it soothes him, at times, to watch nature function without scientific interference. You may be consoled to know that Mrs. Burpee's house plants don't thrive indoors any better than yours or mine.

☆ Insured for nearly a million dollars, one of the world's most precious diamond necklaces has been transported in extraordinary ways since its owners arrived here as war refugees from Europe. They are so famous internationally that I am not allowed to reveal names. A big bank has charge of their necklace here. Novel precautions are taken each time it leaves the bank's vault. It has been carried through the streets in a Lucky Strike cigarette carton, and in a paper shopping bag from the bargain basement of a popular department store. According to theory, the more commonplace the appearance of the package with the diamond necklace in it, the less risk of a hold-up. . . . I hope so, too.

☆ Vienna Cream Chicken Fricassee is one of the best dishes I know for a small company dinner. Here's the way it was prepared at Mme. Sacher's famous old restaurant in Vienna. This recipe makes enough for 6 or 8. . . . Use 2 broilers cut in quarters. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in heavy pan, adding 1 thinly sliced onion, 1 bay leaf, ½ teaspoon thyme, then the chickens. Cover the pan tight and cook slowly for 30 minutes.

Now put in 1 cup white wine; recover and cook 15 minutes more. Next 2 cups cream; cover again; cook another 20 minutes or so, until chickens are tender. Have potatoes peeled, blanched, and shaped the size of walnuts. Cook these in pan with chicken until they're done, say 25 to 30 minutes. The cooking will take about an hour and a half in all. Just before serving, add 1 tablespoon capers, salt and pepper to taste. Serve on large platter, the potatoes forming a border. Sweet gherkin pickles should be the only accompaniment.

"You'll have to speak to the driver."

☆ There is a fad among the girls for lapel pins that spell out their first names. Aboard a bus the other day I saw a nice girl with the name Zelda on her lapel pin, and a fierce scowl of warning on her otherwise pretty face. Zelda had followed the fashion, but she was scared, quite obviously, to think some bold strange man might read her name from her lapel and try to pick her up. So she wore a disfiguring frown to prevent it. . . . Since the purpose of adornment is attraction, if *that* wasn't defeated purpose—I ask you!

☆ A biochemistry professor now gives you scientific reason for your changeableness. His research shows the elements of your cell and tissue structure shifting around so fast you actually are not the same woman from one minute to the next. Men change just as fast, *if* not faster!

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT Kyser?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

KAY KYSER is the most heard about of current maestros, and—since he has been pre-eminently successful in transferring his talents to the screen—he has become the most seen about; but he is still by far the least written about.

Perhaps it is just as well. For, with a few notable exceptions, what *has* been written about Kay has seemed, at least to one admirer, to have gotten him all wrong.

Because the Professor makes his living clowning before a microphone, because he has a long bespectacled face, because he greets his fans with "Evenin', folks, how y'all?" because he is "as Southern as hog jowl or turnip greens," the impression seems to be general that Kay Kyser is a sort of hillbilly.

Now, the only hill that Kay was ever connected with is Chapel Hill, that lovely spot where the University of North Carolina lives and has its cultural being. Kay is a Bachelor of Arts of that institution.

This may not be good publicity for the band—if it isn't, our apologies to all the Kysers and all the Kyserettes—but Kay, although no "greasy grind," was a good enough student at old N. C. not only to assure his own graduation with honors, but, as president of the senior class, conducted a one-man coaching and tutoring system which was also good enough to carry every one of fifty-five classmates along with him.

A letter from H. R. Kyser, attorney at law, Thomasville, North Carolina, gives another illuminating glimpse of the boy Kay at an earlier stage of his career. The James he refers to is James King Kern Kyser, whose family still usually call him James, although with a name like that he was foredoomed to be known as Kay—and was lucky, as one observer has remarked, not to have been called Klux! Here is the glimpse:

"He was of insufficient brawn to make the high-school varsity football team, so he formed a team among the players unable to make the first team and called them the Tigers. This was a successful outfit in that in one year the team scored 261 points to their opponents' 23 and were undefeated. Immediately before entering each game the team would go into a huddle and James would lead them in prayer. It was selfish to pray for a victory, so the prayer was for the strength to play the best game possible."

Yes, this sort of thing may draw jeers from jitterbugs. But, just to show that Kay Kyser's idea of true sportsmanship did not stop when the prayer stopped, it should be recorded that in one of the games the Tigers played, when the captain of the other side stated that he had exhausted his reserves—or, rather, Kay's Tigers had!—and he would be obliged to go ahead with only ten men, Kay volunteered to play for the other side, and did.

It would seem that these little episodes of Kay Kyser's youth might give a clearer picture of the kind of man Kay Kyser is than, for example, the often repeated story that he smokes five-cent cigars.

Besides, Kay Kyser, there is no use pulling that nickel stuff on us, for we know you have a chauffeur, which is a sign of opulence; and a valet, which is a sign of effeteness; and a chef, which is a sign of epicureanism; and a secretary, which is a sign of importance; and a chaperon, which is a sign of unusual fastidiousness in these days of red-hot mamas. And we know the fellow's name, too. It's Ulford Madison Maxwell Clementine Cordell Riggsbee.

Ulford has been with Kay ever since the old Sigma Nu days at the university. Ulford didn't belong to Sigma Nu, but he did belong to the Sigma Nu fraternity house, which he kept spotless until he transferred his strong-arm activities to Brother James King Kern Kyser's Model T jaloppy, which Kay called Passion because it "het up" so quickly.

Which raises another point: does Kay Kyser ride in this jaloppy today when he drops around to pick up his $10,000 weekly pay check?

He has been photographed doing just that, with a dark cloud, unmistakably Ulford Madison Maxwell Clementine Cordell Riggsbee, enveloping the front seat. He has license

Students! . . . Step up and meet your favorite professor

plates and garage bills to prove that he still has the old bus in which he and the aforesaid set out in June, 1926, to conquer a jazz-mad world. But does he ride in it?

The answer is that he does not. When Kay and Ulford step out these days, it's in a special-body job as streamlined as Kay's own radio program. Ulford would not have it otherwise. And to tell the truth, neither would Kay.

The five-cent cigars we can swallow, if we have to. The jaloppy, no.

But to get back to Chapel Hill: Kay's scholastic credits had begun to pile up there—vicariously, of course—long before he was born, and are still piling. The horrifying statistics, according to Kay's seventy-five-year-old mother, who before she became Mrs. Paul B. Kyser was Miss Emily Royster Howell, are as follows:

There was Iowa Michigan Royster (the given name is correct), who was elected to the faculty and killed in the Civil War; Wisconsin Illinois Royster, Professor of Medicine; Hubert Ashley Royster, Dean of the Medical School and Professor of Surgery; James Finch Royster, Dean of the Graduate School and Head of the Department of English; Wilbur Hugh Royster, Professor of Latin and Greek; Percy Oke Royster, student assistant in physics; Edward Vernon Howell, Founder and Dean of the present School of Pharmacy, 1897-1931; and currently Edward Vernon Kyser, Kay's brother, who is an Associate Professor of Pharmacy.

All of which would seem to prove that Kay Kyser, by inheritance as well as by achievement, is far from the hillbilly which the publicity boys would have us believe, and would further establish beyond doubt his right to the title of Professor.

IN addition to the above family tree, which we found to be one of the most notable in the whole history of North Carolina and of pharmacy, it should be noted that Emily Royster Howell Kyser herself also has a place in matters Carolinian and pharmaceutical, since she was the first woman registered pharmacist in her state. Mr. Kyser, Senior, who was also a pharmacist, passed the state examinations, in spite of almost total blindness, as a result of his wife's reading aloud to him the necessary textbooks.

The pharmacy which these two conducted in the town of Rocky Mount, Kay's birthplace, had a statewide reputation; and if there is one dark spot in his mother's present view of her son James, it is the fact that he will now probably never come back to Rocky Mount to carry on the business. She says that when she first looked at him, on the morning of June 18, 1906, she thought to herself, You're a strange-looking baby. Wonder what kind of a druggist you'll make.

What Mother Kyser hadn't counted on was Father Kyser, whose middle name was Barnum!

Well, when young James K. K. Kyser had settled himself comfortably on Chapel Hill and had become not only president of his class and editor of the college annual and leader of the debating team and director of theatricals, but the greatest cheer leader North Carolina ever saw, he looked around for something to do with his spare time, and noted that the university had no band.

There had been a band. A chap named Hal Kemp had led it. But when Hal was graduated, he took the band with him. Here, obviously, was a situation which demanded a strong man.

Bands, to be sure, were really not in J. K. K. K.'s line. His musical life had not been a full one. In fact, in one of those candid moments which break out like a rash on Kay upon the slightest provocation, he has even admitted that the chief handicap under which he has labored was "no knowledge of music."

But what is a little thing like that when Alma Mammy needs a band!

KAY'S first idea was to play the clarinet himself, but the boys talked him out of it. They persuaded him that as a clarinetist he was a great cheer leader, and that the thing to do was to concentrate on learning how to wave a baton. Having wrung a promise of immediate compliance from J. K. K. K., six boys agreed to serve under him unless or until shot at sunrise.

Each boy knew a tune, and he taught it to the five other boys. This gave the outfit a repertoire of six numbers, which was adequate for most occasions but which spread rather thin over an all-night college dance.

Nevertheless, in spite of every handicap, the band was a success from the starting note. It played for all the big events at Chapel Hill, sometimes getting as high as sixty dollars for an all-night stand, and on its visits to other institutions in the Southeast on a strictly good-will basis, it did old N. C. proud.

After graduation, and after a grand tour of some forty-odd colleges, J. K. K. K.'s idea of studying law went up in a flare of saxophones. There were plenty people, he figured, who could prepare briefs and put a jury to sleep, but what the country really needed was an orchestra leader who could step out on a ballroom dais and give the youngsters a lot of laughs.

Kay could certainly do that.

His style of comedy is not so easily defined as, say, Jack Benny's or Edgar Bergen's. He defies formulas. Some one once said that he combines "the snooping pantomime of Jimmy Durante, the mock seriousness of Eddie Cantor, the repartee of Fred Allen, and the shyness of Harold Lloyd." The truth is that Kay has a little of everything comic in him, a universal funny-bone touch.

Of the celebrities mentioned, he looks most like the once ascendant Mr. Lloyd. He is, in fact, a blond Harold Lloyd. But he is much more acrobatic than Lloyd ever was.

"Not once during the broadcast does Kay sit on the side lines," reported one member of a studio audience. "Dressed in a white flowing professor's robe, with a red hood and mortarboard, he jumps, cavorts, parades, mugs, and waves his arms like a dervish with the tingling memmies."

This statement is no exaggeration. Compared with Kay Kyser at work, Eddie Cantor is restful.

But whatever the reason for Kay's hold on his audiences, he has it. Modest though he is, he discovered early and to his great surprise that it was his own clowning even more than his boys' playing that was "packing 'em in."

All of which should not be interpreted as meaning that Kay Kyser doesn't know a whole lot about music. Having decided to go in for it, he went in all over: took the music courses at the university, badgered the professors in the music department into giving him special instruction and courses of reading, made himself proficient in the whole history and theory of music.

Since then he has never stopped studying, learning. He still cannot play any one of the instruments in his band, doesn't try to, but he knows how each one *should* be played, and how it *must* be played if it is to contribute its required part to the Kay Kyser ensemble.

Nevertheless—and Kay would be the first to admit it—the Barnum in him is what put the band over as a number one ballroom and radio attraction. There may be other bands as good as Kyser's, there may be other leaders as good as Kyser himself, but in the whole orchestra business there is no showman who compares with him.

Many of Kay's ideas have come to him as a direct outgrowth of the clowning he does before the mike. This was true of the biggest idea he ever had: Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge.

THE boys were doing all right, working most of the time, playing the better restaurants and night clubs through the Middle West. Kay's clowning was gaining him a personal following. The crowds at the Blackhawk in Chicago were especially responsive. They would kid Kay and Kay would kid them back.

One night he began talking to the youngsters about the music they were dancing to. They began asking him questions about it. He began asking them back. The question-and-answer radio programs were just becoming popular. The country was becoming quiz-conscious. Kay's Klass, as the boys and girls called it, became a nightly feature, then *the* nightly feature, of his stay at the Blackhawk.

Thus the Kay Kyser College of Musical Knowledge was born.

It is hardly necessary to boast about the outstanding success of Kay's program on the air. Records speak louder than trumpets. He not only tops all other performers in the musical quiz field—and his imitators are now legion—but he has given convincing evidence of where he stands in the all-programs competition by retaining his hour rating when almost all the big hour programs, including Charlie McCarthy's, have been cut to half an hour. The fan mail holds up and so does the fan enthusiasm.

And now, of course, there is Hollywood.

The cinema boys have had some pretty tough experiences with orchestra leaders. Every movie fan knows that almost every band leader who tried to be an actor has turned out to be a flop. Kay is the great big exception.

Perhaps it is because he was born a great actor and only achieved greatness as an orchestra leader by study and hard labor, perhaps it is because his distinctly un-Broadwayish, unnight-clubby personality appeals to so many different kinds of people. Anyhow, Kay's first picture, That's Right, You're Wrong, to which the big Hollywood boys hardly gave a tear, turned in one of the biggest picture profits of last year.

Kay's second film, You'll Find Out, which is now reaching the country's screens, presents in supporting roles Hollywood's three notable creeps, Karloff, Lorre, and Lugosi, who divide between them in the picture the multifarious duties performed in real life by Ulford Madison Maxwell Clementine Cordell Riggsbee. Still a third picture, as yet untitled, is being rushed into early production to take advantage of Kay's new established ticket-selling abilities. And rumor has it that the romantic leads in this one will be played by the Kyser crew's own personable vocalists, Virginia Simms—the incomparable "Ginny" with the "low, oomphy voice"—and Harry Babbitt.

Which reminds us that no story of Kay would please Kay if it didn't mention the stand-out members of his organization, to whom he gives large credit for his success. First among them is George Dunning, who is second to none as an arranger; Sully Mason, without whom a Kyser program wouldn't seem like a Kyser program; and Merwyn "Ish Kabibble" Bogus, who registers stupidity in the comedy scenes but who is really the business brains of the outfit. Harry Babbitt and Ginny Simms cover the sex-appeal front.

Although Kay chose his theme song, Thinking of You, way back in 1926 when Walter Donaldson wrote it, there are those who feel that the "you" has now become this same Miss Virginia Simms of Fresno, California, and that only the weight of professional considerations keeps them from making it official. But Kay maintains that he is content to confine himself to helping along other people's love affairs on ballroom floors and over the air.

THE folks back home wish Kay would get married. They don't like his living in a hotel room and possibly not getting enough to eat. Mother Kyser sends a package of biscuits and fried chicken every week; she can't be sure those Yankees will feed her James enough. As a matter of fact, Kay eats enormously, sometimes six meals a day, often only sandwiches and milk, but always good and always appetizing when prepared and served by Ulford Madison's expert hand.

Mother is right, though. Kay ought to have a wife, if only to protect him from the publicity boys, who themselves get quite the wrong impression from his rugged simplicity, and make him out, quite unintentionally we are sure, to be so many things that "ain't so."

The real lowdown on Kay is that he comes mighty close to being the typical American. He is more like Will Rogers—who is his favorite American character, by the way—than any one who has come upon the scene since Will's early days. He has more school learning than Will had, and as yet, of course, not so much experience of life. But, as he stands, he is the Will Rogers of the musical world!

THE END

JACK DEMPSEY JOINS LIBERTY STAFF AS SPORTS EDITOR

LIBERTY MAGAZINE takes pleasure in announcing the appointment of Jack Dempsey as Sports Editor. In his new capacity, Mr. Dempsey will consult with the staff on all sports features contemplated for our pages and also will contribute frequently. He will write articles not only on boxing but on a variety of other sports in which he is keenly interested and intimately familiar. The staff of Liberty is delighted to welcome Mr. Dempsey to its ranks. As for Mr. Dempsey, he says:

"For years I have been intensely interested in, and made a close study of, sports of all sorts. Since I first gained a bit of prominence by winning, and later losing, the heavyweight boxing championship, I have acted as a guest sports editor in various cities. I got a big kick out of it, and confess I always had a hankering to be a sports editor. Now that ambition has been realized. I am proud of my new association, and it is my sincere determination to give my best efforts in helping to maintain Liberty on the high plane it enjoys as the leading magazine of its kind in the world. I cordially invite my friends throughout the sports world to share with me the pleasure of making my new undertaking a mutually happy and successful one."

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Death waits for a

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

COMMODORE BRUCE CAMPBELL sends his lawyer, Bartlett Todd, to investigate a wreck in the Barren Cays in the Bahamas. He believes it to be the Bluebird, on which his son Duncan and Duncan's wife sailed twenty years ago. With Bart on his yawl, the White Heron, are Tommy Campbell, the Commodore's eleven-year-old grandson, Killer, an ex-prizefighter, and Albert, a Bahaman Negro.

When he gets to Little Harbor, where he has expected to pick up Jeremy Jones, a yachtsman and writer, to pilot him to the wreck, Bart discovers that Jones is dead, and that Ann Jones, his lovely eighteen-year-old daughter, has been hired as a pilot by the Commodore's ne'er-do-well son Charles and his new wife, Iris, who was once a rumrunner and now owns Miami night clubs. Charles and Iris are interested in the wreck, they tell Bart, because if Duncan can be proved dead Charles will inherit a fortune that he left in a Boston bank. Bart, however, suspects some deeper and more dangerous reason for their interest. Why else should they be so eager to keep him from going to the wreck? And why did Greenwood Gates, a young friend of Ann Jones, try to run the Heron on the beach?

Bart, half in love with Ann, does not know whether to trust her or not. Does she know what Iris and Charlie are up to? And is she on their side?

The Heron starts for Bootjack Cay, and the Daiquirette, Iris' swift little cruiser, with Ann, Charlie, Iris, and two rough-looking Negroes aboard,

"Most of all—I want—" Her voice trailed off, and I realized that she was as breathless as I.

Lady

Peril ahead! A gripping novel plunges deeper into mystery

catches up with her at Red Dog Cay, where both boats anchor for the night. Ann and Bart meet in the water, and she admits that she is a little frightened. Later that night she swims over to the Heron.

PART NINE—TOMBOY OR HEART'S DESIRE?

DID I startle you?" Ann whispered.

"You put it mildly. Come aboard; get out of that water."

"No; you come in. It's safe; I often swim at night. You're not afraid, are you?"

I pulled off my sweat shirt, laid my wrist watch beside it, and was about to dive in when she said quickly:

"S-s-s-sh! Quiet! Please don't dive."

"Why all the secrecy? Don't your friends know you're out?"

"No. They both passed out and went to sleep."

"Nice people!"

I lowered myself over the side into the water. It was so nearly the temperature of my skin that it felt neither hot nor cold, just pleasantly relaxing.

"Now where?" I asked.

"Let's just swim — far enough away so we can talk without whispering."

"I'll follow you."

She started eastward, paralleling the shore. She swam so slowly and smoothly and effortlessly that she did not make a sound. I swam by her side for perhaps two hundred yards before she turned shoreward and, after a moment or two, stood up in waist-deep water.

"Are your feet tough?" she asked. "Will the shells cut them if we walk ashore?"

"Not if I walk slowly, though they're not as tough as Greenwood Gates'."

"Please! I'm so sorry about that. But your boat wasn't damaged. She's not leaking, is she?"

"No; the boat is all right. It just meant a lot of work and worry. If it will make you feel better, I'll forget it."

We walked out of the water and up onto the dry sand. We were east of the grove of coco palms and there was nothing between us and the northern shore but the even rows of sand, which, though they were lighted only by the stars, gleamed white as salt.

"Shall we cross over?" Ann asked.

Even now a certain doubt cropped up in my mind. I looked back at the Heron. My boys were asleep, and somewhere on the cay were two blacks who, I was certain, had been brought along to do the job which Greenwood Gates had attempted. And yet I said:

"All right, let's go."

We crossed the dunes and came out on a flat hard beach where a feeble surf was breaking in a long line of pale and eerie fire. Ann paused there and we faced each other and I said:

"What's on your mind, Ann?"

The oval of her face, still wet with the sea water, was turned up to mine. Her eyes were shining.

"I suppose I'm selfish to keep you from your sleep this way. I just wanted to talk to some one. And," she went on almost apologetically, "I wanted to tell you I'm not going to Bootjack alone—I mean without you."

I tried to keep calm, tried to hide my eagerness.

"Then you're coming with us on the Heron?"

"No, I can't do that. I promised Mrs. Campbell I'd take her to Bootjack Cay, and I'll do it. I won't go back on my word—at least, not without some provocation, and she's given me none. She's really gone out of her way to be nice to me."

"Then how are you going to drag me in on the party?"

"Just the way I've done today. They were late getting ready to leave, and I delayed all I could. I was sure

you'd stay here at Red Dog tonight, so I took it easy, so we'd have to stay here too. I've told them I don't dare run at night in these waters, and I've impressed on them how necessary it is to go slow so we won't use up our gas too fast. Now, tomorrow—"

"Look here, Ann!" I interrupted. "You didn't have to come this roundabout way, did you? Couldn't you have cut straight across Hurricane Bank and saved a day?"

"Of course I could have."

"But you came the long way because you knew I'd come this way. You knew I didn't dare try to carry five feet across the bank."

"Why, sure." She laughed lightly. "Didn't I tip you about this anchorage at Red Dog?"

I STOOD watching her. I had seen her in the glaring sunlight of noon and thought she was beautiful. Now, in the flattering light from the stars and the surf, she took my breath away. Of course it didn't dawn upon me even then that I had been waiting for this moment, dreaming of it really, for a solid year. I said—and I hail it as one of the prize understatements of all time:

"You're a grand girl, Ann."

She laughed again. "Thanks," she said gayly. "Now—I started to tell you. Tomorrow they're sure to sleep late and we'll get under way hours after you. You can make Whale Cay tomorrow night. It's on the chart. You'll know it when you get to it because it's the only large cay you'll see all day. Then there are a few broken-down buildings on it and some old windmills and the remains of some salt ponds. There used to be—maybe thirty or forty years ago—a big salt plant there. You can't miss it, even though it's only a few feet above sea level. The anchorage is inside the reef on the north side. You'll see the opening and Albert can get you through it without any trouble. The dangerous water—the *very* dangerous water—doesn't begin until we start north toward Bootjack. That's the real Barren Cay section that the blacks are superstitious of. It was up there, between Whale and Bootjack, that we—we lost the Spindrift." Her voice choked up a little; she paused a moment, and then went on almost cheerfully: "We'll stay at Whale Cay tomorrow night too, and the next day you can follow us on the Bootjack. Simple, isn't it?"

"If you don't go too fast for me."

"But I won't; I'll see to that. Can't you trust me?"

"With my last dime and my hope of heaven. Why are you doing this for me, Ann?"

"If I told you the truth, Bart, you wouldn't believe me," she said lightly. "Or, if you believed me, you'd think I was a silly little brat. So why insist upon looking a gift horse in the mouth?"

"Ann," I persisted, "why did you change your mind about letting me tag along? Did Charlie get drunk and drop something?"

"Nothing but the cocktail shaker. And did he burn! He only brought along two cases of liquor and—"

I took hold of her cool, firm bare arms. I probably shook her a little as I cried:

"Ann, will you *please* be serious?"

"O. K.; this is me being serious." She cleared her throat, said in a perfect imitation of Iris Lake's husky drawl: "Your fingers are so strong! You are hurting my arms, darling."

I don't know why I didn't slap her; but I merely tightened my grip on her arms and said: "You're not putting over a thing on me, Ann. You're frightened."

"Since he read Tom Sawyer he doesn't use the front door any more."

She didn't speak for a moment. Then, with a half laugh and a catch in her voice, she said mildly, "So what?"

"You're afraid of those blacks Iris brought along."

That, finally, silenced her. I stood staring into her face. Her white teeth were worrying her lower lip; her eyes were wide and humid. I knew her pride, the pride of Jeremy and Sarah, and I realized how hard it must have been for her to admit that she was frightened. I snapped:

"You're coming with me on the Heron. You're not going back to the Daiquirette."

"No, Bart." Her voice was quietly firm and just a bit hoarse. "I've given my word. After all, why should Iris or Charlie—or those blacks—harm *me?*"

"Ann, I wish I knew! You're only trying to be nice to them, and yet I feel—oh, damn it!" I cried in exasperation. "I don't know *how* I feel! I only know you're in danger and you have to let me do something about it!"

"There's nothing you can do, Bart, but go on as I've planned."

"I want you to come with us on the Heron!"

"No, Bart. Please!"

"Ann, why do you have to be so stubborn?"

"Now you really are hurting my arms."

"I feel," I retorted, "like hurting you where it would do some good. Honestly, Ann, I ought to spank you!"

I may have sounded facetious but I certainly didn't feel that way. I was foolishly in earnest. And I was sore. What stubborn person doesn't get sore when he runs up against another who is just as stubborn?

So her provocative, challenging laugh was all I needed. She followed it with a low, "Do you really think you could?"

I let go her arms. I caught her around the waist. I wasn't really thinking; I was just mad. I had in mind some vague idea of dropping to one knee and swinging her across the other. You see, I still hadn't broken myself of thinking of her as a girl who lived on a boat in the Bahamas; I still hadn't got used to the idea that a girl of eighteen could be a woman.

I don't know what I would have done if I had got her across my knee. I never had the chance to find out. With a speed that would have been a credit to an amateur wrestler, she slipped one leg behind me and threw her shoulder hard against my chest. I went over backward, and she landed sitting on my stomach, her hands on my shoulders.

I lay there, trying to get back a little breath, as she said: "Last year you thought I had to be a tomboy, didn't you? Well, maybe I am. Want to rassel?"

"No."

"What'll you give me to let you up?"

"What do you want?"

"I want—" She broke off, took a deep breath, began again. "I want you to admit I'm not a tomboy. Nor yet a little girl. I want you to treat me like—like an equal. I don't want you to argue with me and try to make me do things I don't want to do. Most of all—I want—"

HER voice trailed off, and I realized that she was as breathless as I, and she hadn't had the wind knocked out of her, either. Abruptly releasing the pressure on my shoulders, she rose to her feet and took a step backward. I sat up, shaking some of the sand out of my hair. She held out her hand. I took it, and she gave a hearty heave and I was on my feet. She stood facing me, close to me, still holding my hand.

I looked down into her face, into her shining eyes gazing straight and unflinching up into mine. Her lips were parted. When she closed them and half closed her eyes, I kissed her on the mouth. I held my lips on hers, and felt her fingers tighten around my hand. When I drew back and looked at her again, she was smiling faintly, and my heart was pumping hard enough to wake the people on the Daiquirette.

"That," softly, "is what I really wanted. Now shall we go back?"

ANN JONES put her arm around me and I put my arm around her. Falling in step in the darkness, we started slowly across the dunes toward the other side of the island. My thoughts were so confused, I couldn't think of anything to say until she said:

"Do you still think I'm a child? You did, you know—when you first met me."

"No, I didn't really think you were a child even then." And, remembering the way she had returned my kiss a few moments ago: "You're not a child, Ann. You're a very adorable woman. I love you."

It seemed the most natural thing in the world to say. And I felt, under the spell of the hot tropic night, under the stress and strain of the circumstances which put us together on this deserted cay, that I meant it with all my heart.

"You love Iris," she said.

"No."

"You used to love her."

"No; I was fascinated by her. If I'd really loved her, I'd have married her. And I know now why I didn't."

"Why?"

"Because I met you. And I've been carrying your picture around with me ever since."

She stopped dead in her tracks.

"Bart!" she breathed. "You *haven't* my picture!"

"Yes."

"Oh—I know!" She seemed disappointed, hurt. "One of those terrible pictures in the Yachtsman."

"No, no. I never thought of that. I should have, I suppose. No; the picture I've been carrying is in my mind. The way you looked when I first went aboard the Spindrift and saw you sitting there under the awning."

All at once she was laughing, saying: "It would have been *too* much of a coincidence, of course."

"What would have?"

"Bart, I guess I might as well tell you about Greenwood Gates—why he cut your anchor line. Greenwood, as you probably realize, has had a crush on me for a long time. He is the only passable young man within fifty miles of Little Harbor, and—well, I suppose you'd say I kidded him along. I let him think there was hope. Was that very bad of me?"

"I wouldn't say so."

"Then, last year, I met you. I was getting a little fed up with Greenwood, and when we got back here I told him a few things which weren't exactly true." She paused, smiling up at me. "I told him, if you really want to know, that you were in love with me. I told him we were going to be married when I was twenty-one and got my inheritance."

"Your inheritance?"

"It's a little estate left by my grandfather. Not much, I think. Dr. Featherstone knows about it. Jeremy told him—gave him all the details and the papers. Just in case. Well—"

She choked a little; her arm tightened around my waist. We turned and trudged on through the sand for a few moments before she went on:

"Anyway, I told Greenwood all about you. I told him a lot more—that wasn't really true. Dream stuff, you know?"

"I know, Ann. I've dreamed about you, too."

"Greenwood, naturally, has been expecting you to come to Little Harbor to see me. He's been frightfully jealous. Of course I could have told him off, but— Well, I guess you've never been a lone girl on an isolated island without a boy friend."

"I don't believe I ever have."

"So—when he found out night before last that you were at anchor down the cays a ways, he went down there to look you over. Cutting your anchor line was just a silly impulse. He's only a kid, really, and I suppose in his childish mind he thought he was hurting you."

The "kid" was probably several years older than Ann.

"So you see why I said it was all my fault," Ann went on. "If I hadn't filled him full of bilge water, and shown him your picture all the time, he would never have done a foolish thing like that."

"My picture!"

"I forgot to tell you. Doctor takes the Miami Sun. You remember when you won that case before the Supreme Court six or eight months ago? And the picture they put in the paper? Well, one of the Negroes made me a frame of carved satinwood. Your picture is in the frame in my room at the doctor's."

WE walked down a tiny valley between two smoothly rolling dunes and came out on the hard sand of the beach. The Heron and the Daiquirette looked like boats cut out of white cardboard standing on a wide table covered with dark blue-green velvet. They showed no lights; no sound came from them. Thinking of the Negroes farther down the cay, I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Ann, I'm ashamed to confess—I had a hazy idea you might be luring me away from the Heron for a purpose."

"Do you think I wasn't?" she replied, laughing softly.

"I was thinking of the blacks."

"Forget them. They can't hurt us."

"They could, but why should they?"

"Here we go again. Let's skip it. After tomorrow night we'll hardly be out of one another's sight, and not for very long tomorrow."

"Ann, what do you really expect to find when you get to Bootjack Cay? Do you believe that hulk is the Bluebird, or do you believe it's some other ship?"

"That hulk, Bart, is probably an old Nassau sponger that sank there years ago out of pure cussedness and

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ennui. How about some sleep? But first—?"

I put my arms around her this time and held her tightly for a moment before I tilted her head back and kissed her.

"My dream prince," she murmured—and I couldn't tell whether she spoke sentimentally or facetiously. But, keeping in the spirit, I said: "My dream girl."

Then, laughing softly, she broke away from me, ran splashing into the water, and left me standing there feeling like a sap! The smart Mr. Todd! The worldly Mr. Todd! Falling for her line like a ton of bricks! And I had thought *she* was ingenuous!

I walked out to where the water was waist-deep. She was twenty or thirty feet ahead of me, swimming toward the boats, using a smooth and noiseless trudgeon. I wasn't sure, but I thought I heard her laughing. I dove in and started after her. Though I gave all I had to it, I couldn't lessen the distance between us until, near the bow of the Heron, she turned over on her back and floated, waiting for me. I swam up beside her.

She lay there on the surface of the water. So far as I could see, her eyes were half closed, her face expressionless; her hair floated loosely around her head. All at once my heart was pounding and I found myself catching hold of her arm, exclaiming: "Ann! Ann!"

Her head came up and her feet went down, and in the buoyant water she came into my arms with hardly an effort.

"You looked like a corpse, Ann!"

Her wet lips brushed mine. "I don't feel like one, Bart."

"My nerves are shot, all right. But for a minute—looking at you lying there like that—well, I was frightened, that's all. I'm so worried about you. I feel so helpless out here in the wilderness. If anything happened to you—"

"Would you care very much?"

"Care! Didn't I tell you I love you?"

"Maybe you were just being nice to a lonely little girl who threw herself in your arms."

"I *wasn't* being nice!"

"Why—why, Bart!" she laughed.

"I tell you, I love you, Ann!"

"It's nice to hear you say it, anyway."

SHE kissed me quickly and, like an eel, slipped out of my arms. I reached for her and missed. My face went into the water, and when I came up, sputtering, blinking the water out of my eyes, she was ten feet away. I watched her swim quietly over to the Daiquirette and climb on deck. I swam to the Heron's bobstay and hauled myself aboard.

I stood there for a while watching the silent, motionless little cruiser, thinking; trying to figure Ann Jones out. Was she taking me for a ride, perhaps playing out some part she had read in a book? Or was she really in love with me? I did not, truthfully, know. And the more I thought about her the more confused I became. Of one thing alone I was sure:

I had told Ann Jones I loved her, and I wasn't sure whether I did or not. And that's a tough spot for a man to be in—with a girl as nice as Ann Jones. . . .

We pulled out of there in the gray dawn. At that early hour there was no sign of life aboard the Daiquirette, but the two blacks on shore were awake and stood watching us in what seemed to be a derisive silence as we got under way. There was some wind, puffy but fair, out of the north, and after we had rounded the west-

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ern end of the cay under power, we hoisted our canvas and cut the motor and hauled away on an easterly course, still skirting the great bank.

We ran all day in sight of land. The cays were mostly small, and as we worked east and then southeast toward Whale Cay, they became more and more barren. We saw little mangrove and, after noon, no vegetation of any kind except the eel grass growing on the shallow bottom. Though we saw many fish, conchs, sting rays, spiny lobsters, sea ferns, sponges, though life teemed around us, it was all below the surface.

We were entering the great area of the Barren Cays. Here, for some reason only a meteorologist could explain—vagaries of cold and warm ocean currents, of winds, of what have you—there is virtually no rainfall. The wind-swept sand of the cays was as virginally barren as the sands of the Sahara.

Because the water was deceptively dangerous, Albert kept the wheel most of the day. He drank his morning coffee but he ate no breakfast. At noon he refused lunch. His black face had a sickly pallor which made it look almost green.

"That arm is bothering you, isn't it, Albert?" I asked at last.

"Hit 'urt a li'l' bit, cap'n. Dat's all. Tomorrow—hokay."

"Let me see it. Roll up your sleeve."

He shrank away from me as though I were poison. You can't do much with a man like Albert except to let him suffer in silence. I dropped the subject.

ABOUT three that afternoon the last of the small cays was almost hull down astern and dead ahead lay the long white ribbon of Whale Cay. We came on it from the northwest. The whole northern shore was protected by a brown coral reef but, as the reef in turn was partially sheltered by many outlying shoals, there was almost no surf breaking and it was easy to spot the opening to the small harbor. We were halfway through it when Killer, who was forward with the anchcor, yelled:

"Lookut the boat, skip!"

I looked back, thinking of course of the Daiquirette, which we had not sighted all day. Then Albert said:

"Dat sloop is from 'Ubbard Cay."

Though all Bahama sloops may look alike to a layman, their lines vary slightly through the islands. And Albert, seeing a boat half a mile away, could tell you where it was built as readily as a commission merchant could tell you where a given sack of potatoes was grown.

"It just landed!" Tommy exclaimed. "See the tracks where the guy walked up from the beach?"

The sloop was hauled out on the inner shore of the bight we were entering. Its mast had been unstepped and lay across the thwarts. The tracks from the boat led away across the sand and disappeared on the hard surface of one of the salt ponds. I didn't have to guess who had made them.

Albert had thrown out the clutch—we had doused our sails—and we were slowly losing weigh.

"Stand by with the anchor, Killer," I ordered.

He picked up the seventy-five-pounder as though it were a ten-pound kedge.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "Ain't Hubbard Cay where that mug come from that cut our anchor line?"

"Yes," I said. "The name is Greenwood Gates. Let go the anchor, Killer."

He tossed it clear of the bow, paid out the line and methodically made it fast. Then he looked back at me, grinned, and asked innocently:

"Skipper, kin I go ashore and look over the joint?"

Tommy, as I may have mentioned, didn't miss much. "I want to go too, Bart," he said excitedly. "Boy! When old Killer starts—"

"Pass it," I said. "You're both staying aboard."

"But this joint ought to be inarestin', skip," Killer protested. "Them windmills 'n' salt ponds 'n' everything. I wanna look it over."

"Sure. You wanna find Greenwood Gates and kick his head off. That's

out, Killer. I can see enough trouble looming up without our going ashore to borrow it."

Killer groaned and sat down on the cabin trunk, searching the shore with longing eyes.

I happened to glance at Albert. He was sitting with his head against the wheel. His face was contorted, dripped sweat. His eyes, meeting mine, had the helpless appeal of an injured dog's.

"Cap'n, you got something—some medicine, mebbe?" he asked. "De harm 'urt real baad now."

"Let me see it."

I unbuttoned the cuff of his soiled blue cambric shirt and started to roll up the sleeve. The arm was so swollen I couldn't get the sleeve more than a few inches above his wrist. While he watched me in silence, I took out my knife and sliced the sleeve open to the shoulder.

The arm from shoulder to wrist was as big as your thigh. It didn't look like an arm at all—it looked like an overstuffed sausage which had started to spoil. It had, I realized now, been broken, probably between the wrist and elbow. The jagged ends of the shattered bone had worked around and set up such an irritation that it seemed to me only a miracle and a competent surgeon could save the arm, perhaps even the man's life. I said slowly:

"It doesn't look so good, does it, Albert? Well, I'll see what I can do."

I went below and looked through the medicine case. The only drug in the case that might ease his pain was aspirin. I took out four tablets and an unopened half-pint flask of whisky. When I went up on deck again, the Daiquirette was coming through the break in the reef. I took the cap off the whisky and handed the four tablets to Albert.

"Take these pills, Albert," I told him, "and drink every drop of the whisky."

Killer whistled. "He'll be cockeyed, skip."

"With an arm like that, he ought to be cockeyed. Get the dink overside, Killer."

"Aye, aye, sir. Come on, Tommy. Bear a hand, me lad."

THE Daiquirette passed us only a boat length away. The two blacks stood on the foredeck, ready with the anchor. Ann was at the wheel. Charlie and Iris sat in fishing chairs in the cockpit. With their feet on the rail and highball glasses in their hands, they looked like a couple of tourists making the most of a one-day charter trip out of Miami. They waved liquid hands as the boat glided past.

Albert finished the whisky as the cruiser anchored a hundred feet away. Tommy and Killer had lifted the light dinghy off the cabin trunk, turned it right side up, and dropped it into the water. I picked up the oars, stepped into the dinghy, and rowed away, Tommy and Killer watching me with long faces. At the stern of the Daiquirette, I boated my oars and grabbed the rail.

Iris and Charlie were still in the chairs. Ann had left the wheel and stood between them, smiling.

"Nice trip?" I asked.

"Lovely," Iris said. "Wasn't the water beautiful?"

Charlie, who looked pretty drunk, glowered at me over the rim of his half-filled glass. "Come on aboard, Todd, and have a drink."

"No, thanks," I said. "Ann, would you mind coming over to the Heron with me? I've just discovered Albert's arm is broken."

Ann's face clouded. "I was afraid

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of that. Does it look very bad?"

"It looks awful."

"Poor Albert!" Iris exclaimed. "How did he break it?"

"He fell overboard a couple of days ago," I told her.

She rose carefully, set her glass beside her chair. "I'll go with you. I've set a few broken bones in my time. I may be able to help you."

"For heaven's sake!" Charlie growled petulantly. "Suppose his arm *is* broken? What do we care?"

Iris shot him a silencing glance. And I knew she did not give a hoot about Albert—she did not want me to talk to Ann alone. I stood up, steadying the dinghy.

"Give me your hand, Ann."

I helped her into the boat and shoved off, leaving Iris standing with one foot on the cruiser's rail. I didn't look at her as I said:

"I'll come back and get you, Iris, if I need you."

I shipped the oars and rowed away, knowing I had left her boiling, and glad of it.

Ann, trying not to smile, said conversationally: "It's too bad we didn't make Albert see the doctor. That's the trouble with us—too often we forget that these blacks are really only children. I suppose you're pretty mad at him."

"No; I know he didn't mean to do anything wrong. He didn't realize his arm was broken. He belittled his injury only to save me worry and trouble." I took a couple of strokes, thinking aloud: "It's funny, the way things work around in circles. I meet you in Miami last year, you come home and tell Gates a wild tale about our being in love, Gates gets jealous and sets my boat adrift, Albert gets hurt and puts me in a jam—and here Gates turns up again. I suppose you recognized Gates' boat pulled up on the beach?"

She nodded soberly.

"How did he get here? Across the bank?"

"Yes. It isn't far, you know, and the bank is so shallow he could set most of the way if the wind wasn't fair. A good Bahaman can set a dinghy—pole, you'd call it—for hours on end. He probably didn't leave Little Harbor until this morning."

"But why is he chasing us, Ann?"

"I guess I've talked too much about treasure, Bart," she said, with a weary sigh.

"That vicious circle again. Well, don't worry about it. Here we are."

I TOSSED the painter to Killer and we slid alongside.

"Gimme your hand, Ann," Tommy said. He helped her aboard, seeming almost friendly toward her again.

She stepped into the cockpit, said: "Hello, Albert. How's the arm? Pretty bad?"

"Purty baad, Miss Ann."

She ran her fingers over the swollen flesh, which was as tight as a drumhead. While Albert, a little glassy-eyed now, stolidly gritted his teeth, she bent the arm a little at the elbow, flexed it ever so slightly. Then, with a helpless shrug, she turned back to me.

"It's beyond us, Bart," she declared resignedly. "It must be set—and set right—and put in a cast. Those broken ends have been grinding every time he moved his arm. It's—well, it's a mess. We can't handle it. You must rush him back to Little Harbor immediately."

"*Rush* him back!" I exclaimed. "You mean—"

"Turn around right now. Use what daylight is left and then anchor and go on tomorrow. If you're lucky and get a fair wind, you can make Little Harbor by tomorrow night."

"And leave you to push on to Bootjack Cay—with Iris and Charlie and those renegade blacks—" I felt my heart sinking into the pit of my stomach. "Ann, this is putting me in one hell of a spot!"

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Kitty, if you must know more literal details, works in the smart Manhattan cosmetic shop of Delphine Detaille, comes to be loved by two men, one a young hospital interne, the other the scion of a wealthy family, a Philadelphia Main Liner. One is a direct, honest love; the other a mad, burning infatuation. Which will triumph?

Ginger Rogers gives a superb, sensitively shaded, completely revealing performance of Kitty Foyle. It is the best thing she has ever done in films, few performances by any one have been better. Our compliments to Director Sam Wood, too. He has given a fine emotional quality to the Morley story. And you'll like Dennis Morgan as the Philadelphia Prince Charming.

VITAL STATISTICS: Christopher Morley got $50,000 for the movie rights. It was David Hempstead who persuaded RKO Radio prexy George Schaefer to let him buy the best seller. Hempstead is a Salt Lake City lad who studied law at the University of Michigan, sold a movie story ten years ago, has been writing and producing ever since. . . . Ginger Rogers' role is one of the toughest on record. She's in every scene, reads 647 speeches, has four transitions in age, carrying her from fifteen to twenty-six. Ginger, by the way, always keeps a victrola in her dressing room, plays her favorite records during off moments. . . . Katharine Stevens, who plays Kitty's roommate Molly, is Director Sam Wood's daughter. Sam is the man who made Goodbye, Mr. Chips, and Our Town. . . . The Morley yarn had to be whitewashed a bit to fit the P. C. (Purity Code to you). The illicit love affair of the novel has been transformed into a quickly annulled marriage.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ HIGH SIERRA

THE PLAYERS: Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Alan Curtis, Arthur Kennedy, Joan Leslie, Henry Hull, Henry Travers, Jerome Cowan, Minna Gombell, Barton MacLane, Elisabeth Risdon, Cornel Wilde, Donald MacBride, Paul Harvey, Isabel Jewell, Willie Best, Spencer Charters, George Meeker, Robert Strange, John Eldredge, Sam Hayes. Screen play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett from a novel by W. R. Burnett. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 100 minutes.

HUMPHREY BOGART as another hard-boiled killer. He is Roy Earle, last of the Dillinger gang, who emerges pardoned from a Midwest prison. At first he doesn't know that he has been sprung by a big-time gangster who has a job for him to perform. Earle, who was an Indiana farm boy, hopes to do one more big job—and quit. The mobster plans for Earle to hold up a big and swank southern California resort hotel. Things go wrong and there's as exciting a chase as you'll see in the movies.

This is frank out-and-out melodrama and well done. Humphrey Bogart has done dozens of killers since his famous Duke Mantee of The Petrified Forest but none have been more vivid. Roy Earle has the right touch of bravado, the correct snarl. You will like Ida Lupino as a dance-hall hanger-on with the gang, Donald MacBride as a mobster.

VITAL STATISTICS: Humphrey Bogart celebrated his birthday on Christmas Day. Born in 1900 in New York. Everybody calls him Bogey except his wife, Mayo Methot. This is his third marriage. In this film Bogart plays the role Paul Muni refused. When his pals learned that he was taking Muni's spot, they sent him a heard. . . . Major scenes were shot at a higher level than any American movie using earth-bound sound equipment. Location for climax of the pursuit was fifteen miles west of Lone Pine on a slope on the side of Mount Whitney.

with an elevation of 14,496 feet. This is just eighty miles from the sink of Death Valley, which is 276 feet below sea level. To get to the chosen mountain crag a gang of twenty men worked four days to clear a path for the mountain-trained Spanish mules transporting the cameras and equipment. Tough working on the cliffs, what with a forty-five-mile-an-hour down draft. . . . Bogart had to run some three miles up a mountainside for two days in the chase sequence. . . . Joan Leslie is a veteran of fifteen. Made her debut at two and a half. . . . Bozo, the intriguing half-breed dog actor, is the property of Rennie Renfro, professional canine trainer for the movies and a former actor in film comedies. Bozo carries a $10,000 insurance policy. You'll see more of him in the M-G-M sequel to Boys Town.

★ ★½ FLIGHT FROM DESTINY

THE PLAYERS: Geraldine Fitzgerald, Thomas Mitchell, Jeffrey Lynn, James Stephenson, Mona Maris, Jonathan Hale, David Bruce, Thurston Hall, Mary Gordon, John Eldredge, Hardie Albright, William Forrest, Weldon Heyburn, DeWolf Hopper, Frank Reicher, Willie Best, Libby Taylor. Screen play by Barry Trivers from a story by Anthony Berkeley. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 69 minutes.

FOR some reason the Warners shifted from a better title, Invitation to a Murder. Here you have Thomas Mitchell as a kindly professor of philosophy who discovers that, due to an incurable heart ailment, he has only six months at most to live—and sets out to make his last days useful by committing a much needed murder. The victim is the sleek and sinister Ketti Moret who has been charming a promising young artist away from his wife. The artist, you see, has been one of the bachelor professor's favorite students.

This celluloid oddity moves at a slow pace, is overloaded with dialogue. In fact, it almost talks the dangerous Ketti—and maybe the audience—to death. But it is bizarre. Thomas Mitchell gives a strong and sustained performance of the professor who is marked for death. Mona Maris lends Ketti the right touch of brittle ruthlessness, besides a striking measure of beauty.

This entirely depends upon your taste for the morbid.

VITAL STATISTICS: Mona Maris hails from the Argentine, Geraldine Fitzgerald from Dublin, Jeffrey Lynn from New England. Here Mona Maris plays her first Hollywood screen role in five years. She's been in England and at home in the Argentine. Her twelve exotic costume outfits belong to the high-blood-pressure class. Better study 'em, gals. . . . Thomas Mitchell aged twenty years each day he reported for work. To play a man of sixty-five his make-up included a gray wig and prop specs. Tommy did not actually fire the shots that were supposed to wipe out Miss Maris. The range was too close for blank cartridges. Director Sherman did the shooting. As Mitchell pulled the trigger of his empty automatic, Sherman fired three blanks. Mona, who hadn't expected the shots behind her, gave an added authenticity to her film demise.

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME

By Kate Smith

DEMOCRACY is the lifeblood of a free people. When danger threatens our national life, how eagerly we respond to preserve the ideals of our democracy—and everything it stands for.

I have never hesitated talking of our ideals and traditions because of a fear of being accused of "flag waving." I'm proud to lift my voice in praise of America.

Let's advertise America at every opportunity so that everybody will understand, once and for all, that we're as steadfast in purpose as were our pioneers of 1776.

I am not interested in peddlers selling false wares . . . I accept *no substitutes* . . . for I know *there is no substitute for our American democracy.*

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty.

★★★—Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days.

Which of these Bad Habits have you got?

IF you steal candy from babies, or kisses from the boss's secretary, we can't help you. But if you're a bulbsnatcher . . . if you rob one socket to fill another . . . letting the rest of the family strain their eyes while you gloat over this magazine . . . we offer a solution: *Get some spare G-E MAZDA lamps!* They cost as little as a dime and give more light than ever!

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Fu Manchu and the Panama Canal

Now, with a breath-takn
surprise, comes the wei
end of a flaming adventu

BY SAX ROHME

PART TWELVE—CONCLUSION

SMITH!" I gasped. "This is a miracle!"

"No. Sound organization and top marks go to Barton. This way, and mind you don't stumble."

A coil of rope slung over his shoulder, Smith had slouched along in my wake until, leaving dockside activity behind, I had found myself on the farther shore, pursuing a path overhung by frowning rocks. Then, suddenly, he had caught up and thrust me into a narrow cavity. . . .

One backward glance I threw across the waters of the inky lake, glittering in synthetic sunshine. I could see gangs at work on the quays. One of the Sharks was submerging; it disappeared with the speed of a moor hen. Ring after ring of gleaming black water spread out from the spot where it had been.

Then, as I stumbled along behind Smith in impenetrable darkness, he turned, grasped my hand and pulled me up and around a bend into a small cave. Several electric lamps were set on the rocky floor, casting their light upon a group of armed and uniformed men. It was a party of United States marines!

They had their carbines at the ready, and:

"Made a capture, sir?" growled the sergeant who was evidently in charge.

"Yes," snapped Smith—"the one I went for: Mr. Kerrigan."

A sort of gruff murmur greeted this announcement.

"And now," Smith continued rapidly, "we have to work fast. Stand easy, you fellows. Come over here, Kerrigan—thank God you *are* here! —and tell me all you can in the fewest possible words."

I told him of the infra-azure lamp; described the Snapping Fingers; I named some of those brilliant men who labored here to bring the world under the domination of Dr. Fu Manchu.

"He has agents everywhere, Smith!" I cried.

"I know that."

"Six of his submarines could destroy a battle fleet. His planes, armed with Ericksen projectors, can maneuver like hawks. Whatever happens to Europe and the rest of the world, it is certain that at the present moment he holds the fate of the United States navy in his hands."

"At this stage of history, that means the rest of the world," said Smith gravely. He turned. "Stand by here, sergeant," he directed. "Post your men one in touch with another along the passage. When a search party comes—and it can't fail to be long now—all fall back to the ladder, haul it up, and leave no sign."

"All clear, sir."

In single file we walked up a narrow passage in which there were many bends, and at each of the bends a man dropped out, until at the point where the passage seemed to end in a great jagged natural chamber in the rock, I saw a rope ladder hanging from a ledge high above.

"This was Christophe's road to the great cavern," said Smith. "Just above this point, as we explored, it seemed that we had come to the end. You see, there have been earth tremors during the past century, and in places the way is blocked." He raised his head. "All ready above there?" he hailed

"All ready, sir," came a distant reply.

"We brought climbing tackle and,

"Hands up!" rasped one of our bodyguard. I saw one of those long slender hands touch a switch.

fortunately, the kind of men who know how to use it. Hang on to the ladder there. Up you go, Kerrigan."

There were two more marines on duty at the head of the ladder. As one helped me to scramble up:

"Welcome, Mr. Kerrigan!" he said. "I guess you are lucky to be alive!"

"I think so, too!"

I was in a much wider passage, which, however, was obviously natural; and when Smith had joined me and had given directions to the men, we began to climb a steep ascent, he carrying an electric lamp.

"Smith," I said, "at all costs we must rescue Ardatha!"

"Leave Ardatha to me," he replied shortly. "Her safety is assured—she has escaped from Fu Manchu. . . . We have a long way to go, Kerrigan, and so we must step out."

We stepped out, along that mounting, winding rock corridor. Smith rapped out a staccato, abbreviated report as we climbed:

"In distraction caused by your striking at voice—cursed you at the time but seems to have come out for the best—I dived down into shadow. Invisible Fu Manchu had not had time to indicate me to smeller-out with big sword. Blow had staggered him, and, for reasons understood now, he became partially visible for a moment. Effect on those poor devils—glimpse of ghostly green figure—something I can't describe. One long wail went up and all fell flat on their faces."

At a bend in the passage we passed another armed marine, who saluted.

"All clear. Stand by," said Smith.

"But what did you do?"

"About you could do nothing. Two masked thugs picked you up as you fell; carried you into the temple. Sticking to shadow of stockade, got back to the gate. Two masks on duty there, but I flashed the master amulet in the moonlight. Never questioned me; just saluted. I made along the path through trees to the resthouse and big clearing at which it had been arranged for three planes to alight. Got through unchallenged. Saw a sight I shall never forget. Minor ceremony being performed, with drums, feathered witch doctor, and number of voodoo priestesses dancing until they fell in convulsions. Every one dancing, drums beating, scores of panting bodies on the ground, shrieks, half-animal cries. . . .

"The resthouse was deserted. I stood there watching the orgy. Often glanced at my watch; wondered if you were dead or alive; counting the minutes, seconds. Then, on the dot of appointed time, came drone of the engines. The scene changed magically. As the fighters circled overhead and then glided down to that perfect landing ground, every soul scattered to cover! Most of those who had seemed to be insensible staggered to

their feet—joined in the rout; others dragged away. Drums ceased, the witch doctor alone continued frenzied dancing. He did not seem to come to his senses until the first plane grounded right beside him."

"Whatever happened?"

"Nothing. Entire crowd took to the woods. Barton was in second plane. We posted guards and set out helter-skelter for the stockade. Kerrigan—there wasn't a soul in the place!"

AT this point in our upward climb we passed another marine.

"Impossible to give you any idea activity of next few days. Haitian police like a pack of wolves. Suspects rounded up, hundreds of people questioned. But voodoo is a very powerful force, Kerrigan. Air reconnaissance showed no suspicious movements. Naval units inspected every mile of shore. Marines landed at likely spots. Inquiries extended from coast to coast, beyond Dominican border. Had reasoned that secret base must be masked by some big industrial enterprise. San Damien Sisal Corporation seemed to fill bill. Called personally upon Mr. Horton, the manager. Except for certain strangeness of manner which I was disposed to ascribe to drug habit—"

"The man is a zombi," I interrupted; "he is nearly ninety years old!"

"Ah! This I did not know; his manner quite disarming. Most courteous; good enough to conduct me over the hemp refinery. Even offered to drive me out to largest plantation. This offer I declined. In short, Kerrigan—defeated."

I pulled up. The atmosphere of the tunnel was telling upon me, for I had passed through an exacting time.

"Have we much farther to go, Smith? Or is this passage unending?"

"No; ends on other side of a ravine immediately facing ruined chapel."

"Not *in* the chapel?"

"No. Fu Manchu made a slip. Having inspected *original* chart, he learned that Barton had tricked him; site of opening faked. Had very little time, though, to search for it. Therefore blew up chapel."

"With what result?"

"None at all. One thing he had not seen—most important thing of all."

"Why had he not seen it, since he had seen the chart?"

"Because it was written on the *back!* It read, roughly, 'The altar faces the entrance, which is on opposite hillside, marked by granite cross set among trees!'"

"Astounding bit of luck!"

"Plus Barton's genius for secrecy. Went to work like galley slaves. Had to work under cover. Posted hidden sentries all around area. Providence with us. Explosion had left altar practically intact; gave us our bearings. . . . Granite cross long since vanished. Took Barton two days to find tiny cave, no more than crevice in rock—but only way down to great cavern known to Christophe!"

"The other entrance, that from the sisal works, was discovered by accident some years ago . . ."

I saw a peep of daylight and a voice hailed us. It was a loud unmistakable voice—the voice of Sir Lionel Barton!

"All's well, Barton!" cried Smith. "I have a surprise for you."

Two armed men were guarding the entrance, which indeed was no more than eighteen inches wide and which opened on to a ledge some ten feet below the crest of a jagged and jungle-choked ravine.

As I stepped out behind Smith:

"Heaven be praised! Kerrigan!" cried Barton.

He shook my hand so hard that my fingers became limp; and then, pointing west:

"Look at that," he said. "We have just time to get back to camp. There's a terrible storm brewing."

And as we set out I looked into the west and saw that the sky was becoming veiled by a sort of purple haze.

The "camp" was an army tent with a smaller one set up behind it near a grove of trees. I observed various kits, a number of rifles; and here another marine was on duty. Barton was so happy to see me that he kept throwing his arm around my shoulders and giving me bearlike hugs.

So utterly happy was I in our reunion that ominous claps of thunder, a growing darkness, the present danger to the United States which I knew to lurk in the Caribbean were forgotten. Smith brought me sharply to my senses.

"At last," he said, "we have the game in our hands, if we play our cards carefully. The great brains which support Dr. Fu Manchu, the machinery which his genius and that of his dupes has brought into being, all are here. I have failed before, but this time I do not mean to fail. In the next twenty-four hours either we win our long battle or hand what is left of the civilized world over to Dr. Fu Manchu."

Darkness increased; thunder growled ominously over the mountains. . . .

THERE'S the signal, Barton! Since you are determined—good luck. But you're in for a rough passage."

Smith, Barton, and I stood on a jetty at Cap-Haitien. The night was completely black, except when bursts of tropical lightning created an eerie blinding illumination. A signal had been arranged; and a moment before, we had seen a rocket burst against the inky curtain of the storm. A naval cutter was dancing deliriously at our feet.

"I worked out the bearings and I'm going to check them with the officer in charge," said Barton. "If Christophe's chart is wrong in this respect, why, then we fail! Cheerio!"

He went to the head of the ladder, waited until the cutter rose within two feet of the jetty, and jumped. In more respects than one Sir Lionel Barton was a remarkable man. I saw him scrambling forward to the bows. As the cutter pulled out:

"Barton has earned his reputation," said Nayland Smith. "He fears neither men nor gods. If I know anything about him, he will stop at least one of Dr. Fu Manchu's rat holes tonight."

An old freighter of about three thousand tons, sunk well below her load line with a cargo of concrete blocks, was lying off there in the storm escorted by a United States destroyer. In the interval which had elapsed since I had been swallowed up by the organization of the Si Fan, Smith and Barton had worked furiously. The freighter was destined to be scuttled at the spot indicated in the ancient chart as the submarine entrance to Christophe's cavern. Inquiries from local fishermen had revealed that a shelf of rock, or submerged ridge, jutted out there. This ledge must be the lintel of Fu Manchu's underwater gate.

THROUGH that satanic night Smith and I set out for the San Damien works. It was a wild drive, a ride of the Valkyries.

Arrived at our destination, from a dark gully in the bank of the road two men appeared; one was in the uniform of the Haitian army; his companion wore mufti. As they came up, Smith acknowledged the officer's salute and, turning to the other: "Anything to report, Finlay?" he asked.

"Not a thing, chief—except that Major Lemage, here, has his men under cover, and my boys all know their jobs. What's the program?"

"Stick to our original plan. Come on, Kerrigan."

As we walked past the car and up the sanded drive, Finlay dropped back, following at some ten paces. Lightning blazed as we reached a bungalow. There was a brass plate on the door inscribed: "The San Damien Sisal Corporation." A light shone from a window.

Smith pressed the bell—and Horton himself answered. He peered at us in a bewildered way.

"You want to see me?"

At which moment distant lightning showed us up clearly.

"We do," said Smith.

"Why, Mr. Kerrigan! Sir Denis Nayland Smith!" Horton exclaimed, and fell back a step. "Mr. Kerrigan!"

"May we come in?" asked Smith quietly.

"Certainly. This is . . . most unexpected. Does this mean—"

"It means," said Smith rapidly, "as the presence of Kerrigan must indicate, that the game's up. Do ex-

actly as I tell you, and you will come to no great harm. Try to trick me, and the worst will happen."

Horton made an effort to recover himself. "In the first place, sir, I cannot imagine—"

"Imagination is unnecessary. Facts speak for themselves. I am here on behalf of the government of the United States."

"Oh!" murmured Horton.

"I am accompanied by a number of federal officers. The entire premises are surrounded by armed troops. And now, be good enough to lead the way to Dr. Fu Manchu."

Horton led us across the quadrangle in the direction of that large building without windows which I should never forget.

Before the door of that lobby in which I had changed into rubber shoes, Horton paused.

"Go on!" commanded Smith.

We went into the lobby—and there were the rows of rubber shoes.

"You must change into these," Horton said mechanically.

I nodded to Smith, and we all went through that strange ritual; then: "Open this other door," said Smith.

Two of our men armed with submachine guns were behind us.

"I have no key of this door; I can only ring for admittance."

"Ring," said Smith; "I have warned you."

HORTON pressed a button. The door opened. I became aware of that throbbing sound which I had noted before . . . and there, before me, wearing his white surgical jacket, was Dr. Marriot Doughty!

"Kerrigan!" he exclaimed.

His naturally sallow face grew deathly white. The short Vandyke beard seemed to bristle.

"My name is Nayland Smith," said my friend. "I am here to see Dr. Fu Manchu. Stand aside, please."

Entering out of darkness broken only by gleams of lightning, into that vast and strange laboratory was very startling: one came from night into day. Whereas when I had seen it before the place had been but dimly illuminated, now the Ferris globe shone as though it were molten and the effect was as that of daylight. Standing behind one of the glass-topped benches at the other end of the laboratory—a bench upon which some experiment seemed to be in progress—and still wearing a long white jacket and black skullcap, as I remembered him, was Dr. Fu Manchu!

"There's your man!" said Smith aside.

"Hands up!" rasped one of our bodyguard; both raised their machine guns; we all moved forward.

At the moment we did so, I saw one of those long slender hands touch a switch, so that to the peculiar throbbing which I have already mentioned was added a new kind of vibration. Otherwise no perceptible change took place. Standing there, tall, square-shouldered, challengingly, Dr. Fu Manchu watched us.

"At last," cried Smith on a note of sudden excitement—"at last I hold the winning card!"

Fu Manchu nodded thoughtfully.

"You have acted with your accustomed promptness and efficiency," he replied; but his voice, though even, was pitched on a harsh strident note. "Exactly what steps you have seen fit to take it is not my purpose to inquire. But I was expecting you, and you are welcome."

There was something chilling in those words, "I was expecting you."

"Indeed," said Smith, and I noted a change in his tone.

Although I never took my eyes from Dr. Fu Manchu, I was aware of the fact that other men were crowding in from the lobby.

ORDER those men not to cross the red line on the floor behind you," Fu Manchu said harshly.

And at the very moment that he spoke I knew the worst. I turned and cried shrilly:

"Stand where you are there, for your lives! Don't cross the line. Smith!" I clutched his arm. "Do you understand what this means?"

"Yes," he said quietly. The fire had gone from his gray eyes. "I understand."

"An Ericksen screen," that guttural voice continued, and now I detected a note of mockery, "has been thrown across the room some fifteen feet in front of me, and another behind you at the point marked by the red line on the floor. You are prisoners, gentlemen, in a cell from which no human power can rescue you, unless *I* choose to do so."

"We'll see about that," growled Finlay—who had just come into the lobby. "I don't like the looks of you and I'm taking no chances."

Followed three sharp explosions, but Dr. Fu Manchu never stirred.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Finlay. "What *is* he—a man or a spirit?"

"Both, my friend," the guttural voice assured him, "as you are."

The effect of this seemingly supernatural demonstration upon the two men beside me was amazing. Plainly I saw them blanch, and for the first time they lowered their guns, peering into each other's eyes.

"You are aware," continued Fu

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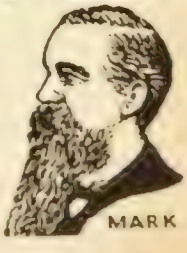


Manchu, "that, as the result of many years of labor, I am at last in a position to dictate to any and every government in the world. The hordes now overrunning Europe could not deter me for a week from any objective I might decide to seize. Their vaunted air force, or, if you prefer it, that of the Allies, I could destroy as readily as I could destroy a wasps' nest. The methods pursued by the Nazis are a clumsy imitation of my own. I, too, have my fifth column, and it is composed exclusively of men who understand their business. Those, for I am not infallible, who seek to betray me are disposed of."

He took up the jade snuffbox and raised a pinch of snuff to his nostrils. He was not looking at us now but seemed to be thinking aloud.

"There is a peril threatening the United States which, although it might be defeated, would nevertheless create a maximum of disorder and shake the national unity."

His voice was rising, quivering, and now his eyes were widely open. He was an imposing, evil figure.

"Transmit the order to the agents and to the troops who have entered these premises to return to their posts outside until further instructions reach them. I give you time to adjust your outlook. I can grant you one hour, Sir Denis. Word has reached me of a shipwreck which threatens to block my seagate. I shall go down to investigate the matter. When I return, no doubt you will have made up your mind. I leave Companion Doughty in your company. As it would be unwise to remove the Ericksen screen at present, you would be well advised to remain nearer to the center of the laboratory. Proximity to the screen is dangerous."

BARTON has done it!" Smith spoke in a hoarse whisper. The two men of our bodyguard sat on a long bench, mopping their perspiring foreheads and glancing about them with profound apprehension. Dr. Marriot Doughty was seated on the other side of the room, and Finlay alone remained in the lobby beyond the red line. Smith had ordered the others to withdraw. The heat in the windowless laboratory was indescribable.

"Yes—Barton has succeeded, but we are trapped."

A crash of thunder came which rattled the glass instruments in their racks: the sound of it boomed and rolled and echoed weirdly about us and about. Marriot Doughty stood up and approached.

"If you will permit me to prescribe," he said, "there are several masks of a kind we wear during Ericksen experiments. I can reach them without having to leave the free zone."

He crossed to a tall cabinet, opened a drawer, and took out a number of headpieces resembling those used by radio operators.

"Can we trust him?" whispered Smith.

"Yes. He is thinking primarily of himself, I believe."

Marriot Doughty distributed the headpieces.

"There are six," he said; "but I fear that the gentleman in the lobby will have to go without one. The lobby, however, is partially insulated."

We adjusted the things, and that unendurable sense of inward pressure was immediately relieved.

"Anything like an hour's exposure," Doughty explained, "might result in cerebral hemorrhage."

Smith turned to him. With the headpiece framing his lean features, he suddenly reminded me of Horus, the hawk god.

"Dr. Doughty," he said, "knowing nothing of the circumstances, I am not entitled to question your principles, but may I ask some questions?"

"Certainly—and I shall be prepared to answer them."

"Is there any means of disconnecting the Ericksen apparatus?"

"From our point of view, none. The controls are out of reach."

"Is there any exit from this room other than that beyond the lobby or that at the other end used by Fu Manchu?"

"None," said Doughty. "There is one feature of our present situation which contains elements of great danger."

"What is that?" asked Smith.

"Expressed simply, it is a certain affinity which exists between Ericksen waves and lighting. You cannot have failed to notice that the electric storm, which had passed to the east, is now concentrated directly above us. One of the Doctor's own precepts—which he would seem to have overlooked . . ."

The sentence was never finished.

A veil of blinding light—I cannot otherwise describe it—descended between me and the farther end of the laboratory. The rubber-covered floor heaved like the deck of a ship. Fragments of the masonry fell all about! The Ferris globe crashed from the roof into a cavity which suddenly yawned in the center of the long room. The whole of one glass wall fell in!

Somewhere a loud voice was shouting:

"This way! This way! All the floor's going!"

I remember joining in a panic rush. Who ran beside me I cannot say—nor where we ran. The earth heaved beneath my feet; the night was torn by spears of lightning which seemed to strike down directly upon us. Through a hell beyond my powers to depict I ran —and ran—and ran. . . .

THAT'S better, Mr. Kerrigan!" I looked about me. I was in bed; the speaker was a doctor. A dreadful suspicion came over me—and I sat up.

"Where am I?" I asked in a voice that sounded strange.

"You are in my house in Cap-Haitien. My name is Dr. Ralph—"

"You are not—"

"I am a United States citizen, Mr. Kerrigan," he said cheerily; "but there is no English physician here, so Mr. Finlay ran you in to me."

I dropped back with a long sigh of relief.

"Smith—"

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith is here. His recovery was a quicker business than yours," the doctor reassured me.

"His recovery?" I sat up again. "What happened to us? Was I struck by something?"

"No, no—fumes. The earth tremor which partially destroyed the San Damien Sisal Works released fumes to which you both succumbed. However"—he stood up—"you will be all right now, and I know you would wish to see your friend."

Dr. Ralph went out, and a moment later Nayland Smith came in.

"Thank God we're alive, Kerrigan!" he said. "We lose the triumph, but we were the instruments of retribution!"

SMITH! What happened? What hellish thing happened?"

He began to walk up and down the small room.

"So far as I can make out—I have been over there all this morning—lightning struck the laboratory and was conducted (possibly down the lift cable) into the great cavern! At any rate, a new gorge has appeared, a gorge of extraordinary depth. It has swallowed up part of the sisal works and the whole of one plantation; in fact, the side of a mountain has moved!"

"Good heavens!"

"The first blast split the laboratory in half. That was when Doughty went—"

"Then he—"

"Fell into the pit which yawned not five feet from where *you* were standing! I hauled you back and we all ran out through the gap in the wall. We were halfway across the quadrangle when the second blast—which seemed to come from underground—threw us off our feet. The fumes were appalling, but we all managed to struggle on for another hundred yards or so. . . . I don't remember much more."

"Can you picture what happened belowground?" I said.

"Yes!" he snapped: "I can . . . and Fu Manchu was belowground!"

"What news of Barton?"

"Did the job. But they had to put out to sea and make for Port-au-Prince. All's well with Barton; and I think, Kerrigan, my long fight is won. Now—I am going to send your nurse to see you."

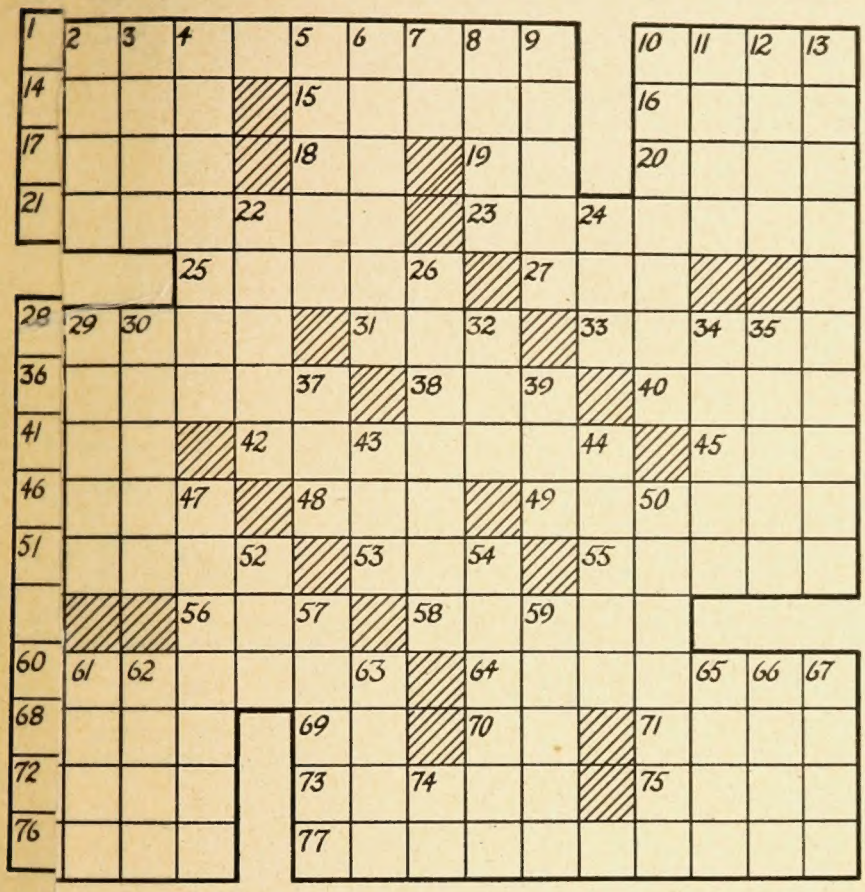
Before I could utter protest, he went out, leaving the door open.

Ardatha came in. . . .

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Aeri… who cagey
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14 Glim… (mas…
15 Darn… they'… frazz…
16 Old-f… prote…
17 Perso…
18 Dem…
19 A li… broa…
20 A he…
21 Shak… that result…
23 —an… doin…
25 Dins…
27 Drin… emp…
28 Push…
31 Unc…
33 A k…
36 A fi…
38 Goir…
40 You … star…
41 Stor… cato…
42 Hia…
45 Lar…
46 Fur… sero…
48 Sta… pig…
49 Big… Joh…
51 A (…
53 Kin… on…
55 The… goo…
56 Wi… bo…
58 Pr… me… ev…
60 I…

…l pool—it's a toss-up
…dunks the most in this
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…chance of war
… the passing limb
…c.)
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…le, girls
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…r (abbr.)
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…enaders
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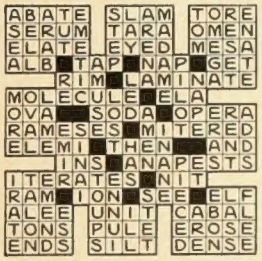
… that went to market
… shot, great enemy of
…n Doe and his deer wife
…Gabrilowitsch
…d of smack he planted
…her tearful kisser
…y're obsoletely lazy
…d-for-nothings
…de report followed this
…m, causing pleasure
…per attire for working-
…n to sit around in
…nings
…ped out

64 Concealing the puss
68 A superman
69 Gudgeous Underwear (abbr.)
70 Bikin's pal
71 What muckrakers do
72 Scent for Chollie Chan
73 Kind of appendix you could see the strip-tease gal had
75 The end of Maine
76 Cry of the comic-strip wounded (pl.)
77 First casualty of 1941 in the Human Nature War

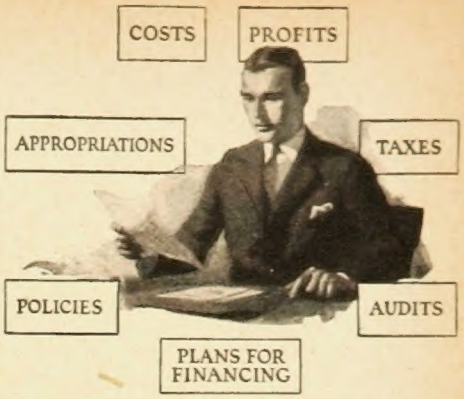


Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Substance ideas have great difficulty penetrating
2 Adither
3 Hit with a ton of bricks
4 Canine panthouses (catch on?)
5 Hard-boiled yeggs
6 Lady field moose (she sounds dictatorial but likes to be bullied with a kine word)
7 The man buried in salt
8 That sexy look
9 The pluckiest things in ancient Greece
10 Torn ticker tape and phone books for the hero
11 This must have been a mighty busy year
12 What women must do or men will damn!
13 They lead the shiftiest lives on Broadway
22 Hellzapopper
24 F
26 The Italians probably have a name for them by this time
28 Nice game to play with malemen, girls (two words)
29 Things we ride in by courtesy of the finance company
30 Theses and thoses
32 What good soldiers take before you die
34 Row, row, row
35 Guy with the gift of the grab
37 What Lou Little used in his first spinner play
39 A baby swallow
43 Gardens near New York City
44 Mrs. Astor's horse's jockey's glad rags
47 Spitsfire
50 Hudson seal
52 A little swallow—with its tail snipped off
54 This kept hanging around the plant, turned into a violent red, and was finally put in the can
57 A stogie by another name (though it smells just as bad)
59 Horse that swallowed its saddle
61 Set stationary engineers belong to
62 The noisiest part of the meal
63 The capital I in Italy
65 They come between 9 and 12
66 Nonalcoholic Martini
67 Musical Miller
74 Initials of gent dictators can't scare!

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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The Bogie-Man Picture Is Coming!

FULTON OURSLER

THE CURRENT "peace offensive"—the design of which is to bring about the most offensive peace in history—is now in only its early stages. Unless it is stopped by some factor unforeseen at this writing, it will before long gather much greater momentum. From well informed friends in Washington I learned the other night of a new and highly effective engine of German propaganda that is now being circulated to drum up peace chills and fever in the United States. Certain powerful Americans, friendly to Germany, have brought into this country a film showing the German army at its most destructive work. The film is not really new, but it has been dressed up with some additions to the beginning and the end that make it seem very up-to-the-minute. Originally it was displayed in the Scandinavian countries. Its object is to convince spectators that the German military might is invincible. Looking at the film, one is likely to say to oneself: "Good heavens! Nothing on earth can prevail against an army like this. Why not force peace now and end further useless slaughter?"

THAT IS PRECISELY THE WAY the film is designed to make one feel. The picture will not be displayed to the general public. The scheme is far more crafty than that. It is being shown to units of one hundred carefully selected leading citizens in the principal cities of the United States. Lawyers, doctors, editors, civic leaders are quietly invited to come and see. The theory is that if you can convince influential citizens, they will convince their neighbors. Heading this scheme, so I am informed, are two of the best known men in this country, appeasers both.

The scheme is, I think, doomed to failure. Not because the film is a flop—I am told by those who have seen it that it is most convincing. It will fail because the might of the German armies is directed toward the enforcement of a philosophy which is intolerable to free people. Free men, even if their cause were hopeless, which it is not, would rather die than live under the philosophy of the slave driver. And before they die so, they will demolish the myth of invincibility. There is no invincible human force on earth.

THROUGH HELL ON WINGS is the title of an extraordinary new serial beginning in Liberty next week. Its subtitle is The Diary of an R. A. F. Pilot, although it is actually an assembly of memoranda entrusted to Keith Ayling by a number of pilots and put together in the form of one narrative. Thus, while presented as if written by one man, it really is a synthesis of the experiences of a number of pilots flying in the Royal Air Force. It gives an intimate picture of life and death in the battles of the sky, a picture which Mr. Ayling is most competent to present because of an intimate acquaintance with many of the aviators of his native England.

The whole issue next week is filled with interesting and timely material and entertainment features of high amusement voltage. Particularly I am able to recommend two short stories: Always an England, by Hoffman Birney, and When Love Comes Stealing, by Margaret Lee Runbeck.

Other features I hope you don't miss are How to Live with a Comic, by Mary Livingstone, the acerbic consort of the ebullient Jack Benny; What Is Your Life Insurance Policy Worth? by George E. Sokolsky; How to Watch a Basketball Game, by Nat Holman; and further observations on the current theater by George Jean Nathan (this time he talks about some of the screwball devices being used to jazz up the jaded appetites of entertainment seekers); and a brilliant article by Mahatma Gandhi called What Jesus Means to Me. Also there will be all the regular features, together with generous installments of Madame Pompadour of Rumania, by Frederick L. Collins; the diary of Ambassador William E. Dodd; and Death Waits for a Lady, by Whitman Chambers.

SALMAGUNDI: My wife was reading a book the other night that got her mightily excited. It is called Wings at My Window and is by Ada Clapham Govan, published by Macmillan. Says Grace Perkins: "I hope this becomes the enduring classic it deserves to be. A woman whose life was nearly wrecked tells of her rehabilitation by birds which brought her health, family, harmony, fame, honor, money, and the love of all her readers. Nobody who lives in the country should miss this treat." . . . Now comes George E. Sokolsky with a new contribution to the Salmagundi argument. Says "Sok": "Two synonyms for salmagundi: rysttafel and chop suey. The Japanese sukiyaki is much the same dish. Rysttafel was invented by Dutchmen who tried to create a dish that would be palatable to other Europeans. Of course you know chop suey was invented by Li Hung Chang and originally consisted of icebox scraps. Goulash and bouillabaisse are all of the same character. The answer is that sensible people often make the most palatable dishes out of leftovers and scraps. Some time when you are in C[alifornia], go to the Omar Khayyam R[estaurant] in San Francisco and see how [perfectly] an Armenian can do it up. [thought] I'd help you out, that's al[l] . . . A vivid history of the autom[obile] industry is told in a new bo[ok], Who, Me? the life story of Chri[s] Sinsabaugh, editor of Automoti[ve] News and for forty years active i[n] motor-car journalism. Our old [friend] George M. Slocum, publi[sher] of Automotive News, contribute[s] a lively introduction. Four honk[s] on the horn of plenty for this really excellent *auto*-biography. It w[ell] illustrates a maxim of the late P[rofessor] Brander Matthews: "Autobi[ography] is what biography ought to [be]!"

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you [all right] here with us again next Wednesd[ay].
FULTON OUR[SLER].

Liberty

The American Way of Life

■

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COVER BY ARTHUR CROUCH

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